

THE OXONIAN

IN

NORWAY;

OR

NOTES OF EXCURSIONS

IN THAT COUNTRY IN 1854-1855.

BY

THE REV. FREDERICK METCALFE, M.A.

FELLOW OF LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,

SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1856.

L O N D O N :

Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.

CONTENTS

TO

THE SECOND VOLUME.



CHAPTER I.

Angling Reminiscences—A Trout who had dined—A great Lemming year—A Shower of them from Heaven—Norwegian Delicacies—Melanger Elv as a Salmon River—Bardu Pool—Burning the Water—The Leister—A White Day—Characteristics of the Melanger and the Bardu—Pine Logs—Ducklings on a Voyage—Accidents at the Falls—Face to Face with Death—Superstitious Customs with respect to Drowned Persons—A Gripe with a meaning in it—A new Settlement—Household Arrangements—A Porridge Feast—The Scandinavian Summer—Foshaugen—Pine-Log Rafts—Unexplored Mineral Treasures 1—24

CHAPTER II.

Norwegian Church-going—Fin Women—The Descendants of the Vikings—Fjeld Fins and Sea Fins—Conversion of the Laps to Christianity—Lestadius—Characteristics of the Sect established by him and his Daughter—Vengeance on a Dark Night in November—The Ripe Fruits of Religious Fanaticism—Ghosts—Improving Condition of the Fins—The Architecture of Norwegian Churches—Clerical Politeness—Unimpressive Psalm-Singing—A Specimen of Norwegian Pulpit Eloquence—Expulsion of a Lap Mamma and her Baby—The Baptism of Children—Sunday Talk—Ole Carlem—An Antidote to Dissent—Opbyggelse 25—48

CHAPTER III.

A Lap Home—Capercaillie—My Garden Destroyed—Lars' Account of the Opbyggelse—Norwegian Pledge-taking—Shameless

Poachers—The Author goes in search of an Osprey's Nest—A Giddy Climb—An Unexpected Greeting—Snow-Shoes—Maternal Fondness of a Female Red-breasted Merganser—Norwegian Wastefulness of Timber—Location of a recent Squatter 49—66

CHAPTER IV.

Norgaard—Conflagrations in the Royal Forests—Enormous Char—How to cross Bogs—A Rough Road—Gigantic Pine Trees—Sorrow in a Log-Hut—Homely Entertainment—Interview with Unneighbourly Quain—Peter's offer and the Quain's Chagrin—Arrival at Elvkrogen—Unaccommodating Fins—Ole Johansen—An Expedition to Church—Blasted Pines—Favourite Method of taking Bears—Trading Booths—Reindeer as Beasts of Burden—Temperance and Morality—The absence of the Medical Faculty amongst the Norwegians—The Goldfinch in the Ruined Village—The Red-pole 67—91

CHAPTER V.

Omasijavre—Renown of "The Pilgrim's Progress"—Sentiment and Practice—Religious Tendencies in Norway—The Scandinavian Character Serious and Reflective—Religious Revivalists—Hans Nielsen Hauge—Decay of National Customs—Picture, by Tiedemann, of an Episode in the Life of the Haugianer—A Lap Encampment—A Refractory Deer—Tent Skeletons—A Lap Cradle—Change of Air 91—109

CHAPTER VI.

The Sagwand—Good Fishing—A Bit of Norwegian Life—A Fisherman's Cot—A Pilot—Desolate Woodland—Uses of Birch Bark—An Unsatisfactory Companion—The Shame of being Unconfirmed—The Herb Angelica—The Valley of the Mons at Ulsberg—Tromsø—Momentous Questions—The English Traitor—Ludwigsen's Hotel—The Ice-Bear—Walrus Hunting—Spitzbergen—Laws respecting Dogs—Ideas prevalent in the Cambridge Fens respecting Dog-bites 110—130

CHAPTER VII.

The "Gyller"—Tame Whales—The Author's Fellow-passengers—An antiquated Beau—A Hamburg Senator—An Adventure in a Storm—A Danish Magnifico—The Man who had Shot a Bear—Impluvium—La Chasse—A Classical Joke—A Pointer sold in Regent Street—A Candid Opinion—Republican reverence for Titles—The Danish Count's History—A Romantic Story 130—150

CHAPTER VIII.

Surnames a sign of Civilization—Hans-i-the-wood—A Great Sea-eagle—A Fur Merchant's Warehouse—A Triumph and its Consequences—Rough Weather—A Darkness that might be felt—A Run Ashore—The Voice of the Draugie—The Thana Fjord—Photographic Magic—Norwegian Honesty—The Lost Tobacco-pouch—A Tragic Story—Murder will out—Curiosities for sale 151—168

CHAPTER IX.

Arrival at Vardohus—Hummer and Kammerherr—Raptures and their origin—The Fair Widow—The "Festning"—The Cow that belonged to Government—The Boy of Vadso—Lapland Dogs not Lap-dogs—Mine Host—An Attempt to turn an Honest Penny—A great Baptizing Day—A young Lap Couple—Burly Samoyede Sailors—A Gin-Palace in Vadso—Civility to the Russians—An Uncomfortable Fellow-lodger—A Sample of Russian Perfidy—Disposition of the Population toward Russia—Fin Notions respecting the Czar—A Deep Game . 169—191

CHAPTER X.

An Intelligent Official—Hire of a Boat—The Mysterious Treasure—The Miser Instinct among the Laps—Craving for Religious Exercises—The Country around the Great Lake Enaba—Adventure with a Swimming Bear—Onwards to the Eastward—A Diplomatic Bungle—A Toast—A Conversation with the Coxswain—Dreams of what might have been—The Mouth of the Paswig—The Abode of St. Tryphon—Unskilful Boatmen—Hansen—A Muscovite Piece of Trickery . . . 192—209

CHAPTER XI.

The Fins as Fishermen—A Lap Cemetery—The Sacred Trees—A Shocking Disappointment—A Specimen of Philosophy—The Paswig Fly—"All is lost now"—A Quain Cook—A Melancholy Spectacle—Mosquito Curtains—A Pendulous Wasp's Nest—A Nostrum for Boils—The Scream of the Kat-ugle—Eagle Shooting—The Laughing Goose 210—227

CHAPTER XII.

The Neiden—Hansen's Character—The Bogfjord—Scandinavian Sleeping Accommodation—Salmon-Fishing at the Falls—Russian-

Lapland Fishermen—A Careless Cast—A Fisherman's Dangers—An Artificer in Iron—Return to Vadso—Old Friends again—Hospitality at Mortensna's—Ancient Bauta Stones—Boat Voyage to Nyborg—Richardson's Skua Gulls—A Naturalist's Homily—The Rival Drinking-Cups—An exorbitant Bill—Society at Marienlund—A sad Story—A Cold Bath—The Russian Consul-General—Servility and Independence—An Exquisite's Remonstrance—The "Grev" 228—252

CHAPTER XIII.

Stoppe-sted Kloven—A Peculiar Taste—The Vaged of Thomso—Lap Criminals—A Compatriot—The Alten Mining Establishment—Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties—The Swedish Priest Lestadius—Superstition amongst Miners—A good Lemming Year—The fortunate little red-haired Tailor—Norwegian Mining Laws—Archdeacon Moller's "House-boat"—The Education of the Clergy—Introduction of the Reformed Faith into Norway—A Martyr's Monument—The Fighting Men of Norway—Ole Madsen Engelstrup 253—270

CHAPTER XIV.

Arrival at Rypo—Betrothal in Norway—A Marriage in High Life—The Honeymoon—General Aspect—Rypo—A Norwegian Farm—Mistaken Kindness—A Dangerous Companion—A Norwegian Sportsman—The "Urwand"—Trout-Fishing—The Golden Eagle—The Bird of Odin—Method of Catching Eagles—Magpies—Scarcity of Timber 271—292

CHAPTER XV.

A Fishing Excursion to Vaago—Ptarmigan Shooting—The Black Fox—Ando—Wild Geese—Wild Swans—A Place of Call for Aquatic Birds—Ermine Weasels—Puffins—The Fall of the Year—Breakers Ahead—Autumnal Scenery—An Instance of Norwegian Politeness—A Solitary Beggar—An Aged Crone—A New Road to Kongswold—The Norwegian and Swedish Laws of Divorce—Curious Cavalcade—Paul Tofte—An Unpatriotic Portrait—Preparations for Winter—The Kringelen Pass—The Scene of a Tragedy—Traffic on the Main Roads—The Railway between Christiania and Lake Mioen—Dale Gudbrad—The Advantages of English Management—Elk Venison—An Uninteresting Mode of Hunting—A Fatal Mistake—Conclusion 293—326

THE OXONIAN IN NORWAY.

CHAPTER I.

Angling Reminiscences—A Trout who had dined—A great Lemming year—A Shower of them from Heaven—Norwegian Delicacies—Malanger Elv as a Salmon River—Bardu Pool—Burning the Water—The Leister—A White Day—Characteristics of the Malanger and the Bardu—Pine Logs—Ducklings on a Voyage—Accidents at the Falls—Face to Face with Death—Superstitious Customs with respect to drowned persons—A Gripe with a meaning in it—A new Settlement—Household Arrangements—A Porridge Feast—The Scandinavian Summer—Foshaugen—Pine-Log Rafts—Unexplored Mineral Treasures.

ON the night of the 17th July, I caught a twenty-two pounder, another of twenty-one, and a third of fifteen. Landing, I then scrambled over the drift-wood, and tried the

artificial minnow close to the fall. I speedily caught a two and a half pound trout. Before long another sharp tug came at my line. At first, in the boiling waters it was difficult to know what denomination of fish had taken my bait. But, after a severe struggle, a char, six pounds weight by my steel-yard, lay upon the rocks; his sides glistening resplendently with rich orange tints, reminding me of his Welsh appellation, equivalent to red-belly. In the course of the night, I took a trout of exactly the same weight, at the same spot.

Lower down the stream, while casting from the bank for salmon with a very large fly—as there was a freshet—I took a trout of two pounds. Perceiving his stomach to be unusually distended, I pressed it with my hand gently upwards, when the fish disgorged a full-grown lemming. He certainly was not alive, as John Crerar's mouse was, who ran out of the trout's mouth, in Scrope's "Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing." But

he had evidently only just been swallowed. One would have imagined that a lemming, which is about the size of a mole, together with a salmon fly of the first magnitude, would have been enough even for a trout's voracious appetite ; but this was not the case. For, on arriving at our quarters, and perceiving that the fish still looked rather puffy about the abdomen, I slit it open, and discovered within another full grown lemming.

That was a great lemming year. Under every stump in the forest there was one or two of these little fellows, with their buff-coloured sides, and black head and shoulders, who kept seizing my old pointer's nose with great ferocity. Nay, these small belligerents, would frequently stand in my path, giving squeaking barks, as if determined to dispute the passage. From their propensity to cross water, whether rapid rivers, or arms of the sea, if they happen to be in their way, they doubtless fall a prey to the fish in vast numbers. This year, there is not a single

lemming to be seen. Whence they come, and whither they go, nobody seems to know.

"Where do the lemmings come from?" asked I of Peer.

"Oh! they come from heaven."

"Did you ever see them falling?" I rejoined.

Peer could not say that he had. But he had always understood from his very earliest years that such was the case. Once, however, I met a Norwegian fisherman, who assured me that he had actually himself been a witness to the phenomenon. One very stormy day, he was rowing close in shore round some high cliffs, not far from Tromsö, when he distinctly beheld several descend into the water. The believer in Livy, would of course have made up his mind that the man's story was correct. But being somewhat of an incredulous turn, and never having been able to credit all the tales which Livy, or that dear old story-teller, Herodotus, recount with so much faith, I disputed the

fact, and firmly believe that the said lemmings did not descend from the skies, but from the overhanging cliffs, from the edges of which they had been blown by the tempest.

It is said, and I believe with truth, that the reindeer eat these little creatures. But animals have very funny tastes in Norway. I have myself seen the cows suddenly darting on one side, as they were being driven home from the fields. "What are those cows doing that for?" I asked. "They have found some sop, *i. e.*, mushrooms. They are quite 'gal,' (mad) after them," was the answer.*

* Beyond doubt the reindeer frequently pursue the lemmings; so that, possibly, they may fancy eating them. The wild beasts of Africa eat the locusts, which are looked upon as a kind of transmuted vegetable. This description may, perhaps, also apply to lemmings, for they subsist on vegetable food. Capel Brooke describes them as crossing arms of the sea on the dead bodies of their companions. But this seems doubtful. These animals seem particularly fond of cold regions. In Parry's expedition, the skeleton of a lemming was found in a floe of ice to the north of Spitzbergen, in Lat. $81\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$, at sixty miles from the nearest known land. Belcher saw them in Lat. $77^{\circ} 3'$,

But to return from the lemmings to the salmon. From what I have said, the reader will have some idea of the capabilities of Malanger Elv, as a salmon river. But the Bardu pool was, perhaps, the best place of the two. Here, as in the other river, their favourite resting-ground was under the shelter of some sunken rocks at the neck of the pool.

One evening, at the latter end of July, I took ten fish at this point; the largest twenty pounds. I hooked and played six more, and had besides numberless rises. My companion caught a thirty-six pounder in the same spot, and another of the same weight lower down in the main stream.

One day I was fishing with single gut, the water having become very low and clear, when I hooked a fish in the pool. He took the fly very quietly, and at once went to the bottom, moving upwards very slowly and deliberately,

and caught one in his hand. Curzon also mentions them as frequent in the mountains of Armenia.

till he got to about the centre of the pool. Landing, as was my wont, I determined to give him time, for fear of breaking the gut; but not expecting any great difficulty with him. But he had no intention of falling an easy prey. Before I was at all aware of his plan, he left the pool, and was already below the rapids. "Pull for your life, Peer," I screamed, springing again into the boat, "not a dozen yards of line is left in!" Peer was greatly agitated, but did his work well, and the danger of the line coming to an end was avoided.

"You'll beat A.," exclaimed Peer, alluding to my comrade's sport. "He must be forty pounds, I got a glimpse of him."

And so did I, and thought Peer must be right. But we were both wrong. When I did land him, he turned out to be only twenty-five pounds. He was long enough for forty pounds, but he was thin and in bad condition. The mark of a seal's teeth near the tail explained the matter. No

wonder I had had such work with him, for he was hooked in the belly.

We had seen a seal, protruding his amiable looking head out of the water below the pool, more than once. By stealing into the wood overhanging the stream, at an early hour of the morning, when the animal lay asleep on a bank of shingle, Joh, one of the young Fosmoens, has contrived to shoot one or two of these marauders. A Norwegian seldom thinks of wasting powder and ball upon a seal in the water; as, if mortally wounded, he is sure to sink to the bottom, when he is most probably lost.

The above Joh was a dead hand with the "lyster." He told me stories of salmon, of incredible size, which he had transfixed in this manner; so big, that they easily moved the boat in their endeavours to get away, although he threw his whole weight upon his weapon to pin them to the bottom.

Directly we are gone, and the nights become a little dark, they will commence

‘burning the water,’ when not a salmon will escape. The fuel used, is split pine roots, which burn splendidly. A large heap of it is already lying ready near the Falls. The grate for the fire is placed in this country at the stern of the boat, and not as in Scotland, amidships. I believe it is the fashion in Scotland to aim at the shoulders. The Norwegians, on the contrary, aim very near the tail, the most vital part of the fish.

Joh, who sometimes rowed my boat, was continually supplicating me to allow him to use his pet instrument, the lyster, instead of the gaff. His first essay was not brilliant. I had on a twenty pounder, well hooked ; but which kept very deep in the water, and had a great aversion to coming near Joh.

“ Be careful, Joh, if you cut the line, I will never forgive you !”

The man took deliberate aim, but the fish being some distance off, he lost hold of his lyster. But he had not missed his mark, as was apparent from the lyster-pole

which kept bobbing up and down in a perpendicular position in the water. By good luck, the hook had not parted from the fish's jaws in the concussion. The water was incarnadined with the poor creature's blood; and the lyster, coming away, Joh regained it, and soon had the fish firmly fixed on the barbs.

One day, on the Bardu, must always be marked with a white stone in my piscatorial annals. I had caught two or three tolerable salmon, when, on crossing the centre of the pool, I hooked a fish which made off on the instant with such precipitancy, that it required the utmost exertion of the rower to keep up with him. He went half a mile down stream without stopping for a moment. Pretty well for a beginning, thought I, this must be a real monster of the deep. The moment I attempted to guide him, he started away again with prodigious strength. Holding him was no child's play. I was bathed in perspiration from top to toe. Half-a-dozen times did I

jump ashore where the trees growing on the bank permitted it, in hopes of persuading him to follow me; and as often did I jump into the boat again, and follow him down stream with might and main, without catching the slightest glimpse of his personal appearance. We had gone this way for upwards of a mile to the place where the two rivers join. The illustrious stranger was apparently as vigorous as ever. When, in one of his desperate lunges, he rushed into some quiet water near the junction. I believe he intended, by way of change, to run up the other river. But Joh was out of the boat, and in the water, gaffing him, before he found out his mistake. As he had kept out of sight all through the chase, we could only judge of his size by his strength, which was enormous. He was a sea-trout, with the louse upon him, just under twenty pounds! The largest I had ever seen or heard of; the sport such as I can hardly hope to have again.

Altogether, the fishing in the Malanger

and the Bardu is excellent ; though they are very liable to rise or fall suddenly, according as the weather may be wet and mild, or cold and frosty. In a single night, I have known the Malanger rise ten feet, with the water the colour of tomata sauce ; while the Bardu was as clear as usual.

On that occasion thousands and thousands of pine-logs, which had been left stranded along the stream above for many miles, with the prospect of being detained till the spring floods, became released from durance, and floated over the cataracts of the Malanger. As I lay in my tent, close to the falls, I could distinctly hear, amidst the roar of the waters, the dull heavy blows of the timbers, as they impinged on the rocks in the descent.

Next morning as I stood close by the fall, just under the infernal surge of toppling waters, over which was thrown a beautiful iris, it was a grand sight to see these pine-timbers coming over. Every now and then, one would stand straight up for a moment,

and, then taking a header, dive into the pool, while others madly chased each other, or dashed along, neck and neck, reaching the bottom of the falls, at the same instant.

In the midst of this hurly-burley, a brood of ducklings, together with their mother, came down the foss. Most likely the young ones had approached too near the falls, and had been drawn into the stream before they were aware of it. Apparently, the poor little creatures had passed through the ordeal uninjured. At all events, none of those I saw were maimed, as they scuttled off with uncommon alacrity, when they found themselves in my proximity.

While here, I had an opportunity of observing the clever way in which these people can imitate the calls of birds. A red-necked diver flew by ; but immediately returned, as my boatman gave a peculiar low whistle. One day, one of these birds was caught by the leg in a small net, set in a side stream. Linnæus

describes a goosander caught in a similar way, in Lapland, in a net set for pike. Are there pike in Lapland ?

Sad accidents, which might easily be avoided, take place at these falls. Rafts of planks are floated down the river, and then taken to pieces just above the falls ; and after being sledged through the forest, they are set afloat again just below. In order to save trouble, the owners persist in bringing these rafts to a landing-place within a few yards above the fall ; almost, in short, within the influence of the fatal stream. *Facilis descensus Averni.*

Two men, last year, came down and were carried over the foss. When death was inevitable, the conduct of the two was different. One folded his arms, and stood up like a man ; the other cast himself down on the raft in an agony of fear. Another second and they were both engulfed in the yawning whirl of waters. Their bodies were afterwards found a shapeless mass.

This very year a similar accident occurred. Three men brought a raft down to the same place: one jumped ashore, rope in hand, to make it fast; in the hurry, the rope twined round his foot, and the raft caught by the current, dragged him under. The other two men, seeing their danger, sprung from the raft, and succeeded in catching hold of some branches stretching out into the stream, by which means they were saved from the terrible fate of their companion, whose remains were not found for some weeks.

There is a notion, prevalent in some parts of Norway, that if a man is drowned, and the body cannot be found, a cock taken in a boat, will crow when he comes over the spot; but I did not hear that this method was resorted to here. And, after all, enlightened England can parallel this. It is not so long ago that a drum was beaten along a brook side, near Bath, to find a drowned man. There is, also, a superstition in England, that if a quartern loaf be floated down stream, it will

turn over three times when it comes near the corpse under water.

The salmon never get beyond these falls. Near the foot of the great perpendicular fall of the Bardu, there is a deep recess graded out of the side of the rocks. Here, the water is comparatively at rest, being quite out of the impetuous torrent, which after dashing through a very narrow chasm, descends by a cataract into the pool. Up this cataract the best salmon manage to ascend; and as Joh told me assembled in the above-mentioned hole. It was rather dangerous work approaching the place, as it was only accessible by creeping along the reeking face of the cliff. My companion slipped, in attempting it, and, had he not been seized in the muscular gripe of Joh, would have fallen into the whirlpool.

I succeeded, however, in reaching the spot, and on looking down into the clear depths below, could distinctly make out six or seven very large salmon; one larger than I had ever seen. It was clearly impossible to secure

a fish in such a place, but nevertheless I threw my fly across the water, and in an instant three of them rose from out of the deep, and one took the fly ; but he was off the hook the next second, and then there were no more rises. The fish were evidently alarmed at the momentary struggle of their companion.

My friend afterwards hooked one in this spot, which after vainly endeavouring to shake itself loose, as a last resource darted into the torrent, and of course broke him, as he could not, without endangering his life, attempt to follow its headlong descent with sufficient speed.

As aforesaid, this valley is a new settlement. The father of Fosmoen was the first person who ever located in these parts ; before his arrival, it was one uninterrupted forest of pine, fir and birch ; and, indeed, it is not much better now. For the vast tract of ground, of which he is the owner, the government only demanded the sum of one hundred and six dollars, so cheap was ground in those

days. Besides the above sum, he pays, I believe, a trifling yearly quit-rent to the Crown.

Judged by the maxim of Curius Dentatus, who considered him to be a bad citizen, who was not content with seven acres of ground, these people would be held very unpatriotic. As may be expected, there is not much of the busy hum of men yet; indeed, there is not a shop or merchant in all the valley; so, of course, the people are Jacks-of-all-trades, and would make, like all Norwegians, excellent backwoodsmen. Every man can make his own shoes; his wife weaves the cloth for his coat; everything, in short, is made by home labour. Ole even makes guns, and, since last year, he has managed to construct a reel on the model of ours.

The household arrangements are much the same as all over Norway. Three generations inhabit Fosmoen, not to mention foster children. In the chief room, or Stue (after the old Roman fashion), is the bed; in another corner is the huge dome-like chimney projecting over the fire-place, which is raised on one step.

Grates are never seen in the country. Above it hang the "lum-cleeks," or crook, on which is suspended the iron pot. In this iron pot, or a facsimile of it, everything is cooked, whether boiled or roasted. In the largest culinary utensil, the everlasting gröd is simmered and stirred about with a knob of fir, so lopped, as to leave the spikes projecting.

In another part of the room is the board, upon which in due time the mess of porridge is placed, flanked by a bowl of milk. Here Paterfamilias and his better half, with all the family, together with the labourers and helps of all sorts, cluster round, and dab their short wooden spoons, first into this vessel and then into that. If you wish for a sample of Norwegian inactivity, watch how they do this; the elbow is pivoted on the table, and with the point of this, as a fulcrum, they incline their arm, like a lever, first towards the porridge, then to the milk; slowly conveying the food to their mouths. To my mind, their way of thanking you is proof of their

dilatory nature. "Tak skal de har—you shall have thanks," *i. e.*, at some future time. The quantity of food consumed on these occasions is very great.

The barley or rye from which this national esculent is prepared, is generally planted in the middle of May, and is quite ripe in the middle of July. Indeed, the sudden transition from cold to heat, in this country, is something extraordinary. One week "Peboan, the winter," as Longfellow would say, "covers all with his freezing mantle."

"Hard as flint are all the waters,
Motionless the frozen rivers."

Again, Spring breathes softly o'er the landscape, and forthwith

"Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,
Singing onward rush the rivers."

Nature, in fact, seems bent on making up for lost time.

It is a mistake to call the Scandinavian summer short. As much grows here at

that period, in twenty-four hours, as there does in three days in England ; where, Penelope-like, cold nights undo the work of hot days. There is one spot, however, that the sun's rays fail to penetrate here. In the well there is still a flooring of ice, several feet in thickness, through a trap-door of which material—ice—the bucket is let down, to supply the house with water. We thought this would be a good place for hanging up fresh meat, in the absence of anything like a cellar. So we bargained for a sow, which cost us four-and-sixpence. The reader must not mistake me. When the sow, (in Norwegian written “sau,” but pronounced “sow,”) appeared, it proved to be a sheep, and cut up into excellent mutton.

On my last visit to these parts, I took up my abode at Foshaugen, a lone farmstead in the midst of the forest, not far from the Malanger Falls ; while my companion, for the convenience of fishing, stayed at Fosmoen, which adjoined the falls of Bardu. Not un-

frequently, visitors dropped in. They were dwellers in the higher valleys, who had come down to see after their pine logs. These, after being left to the mercies of the river, are stopped some miles below this, in the midst of their unfettered career, and being sorted and constructed into rafts, are piloted to Tromsö, and sold to the merchants.

The price of a log of large dimensions is very cheap here. Two or three shillings will buy one of twelve feet long, and two feet or more in diameter. But, like a snowball, the price gathers at every roll, until, on their arrival at Tromsö, and changing hands, they are really worth something. Whole houses are not unfrequently put together, far up these rivers, and then taken to pieces again, and floated down; each part being numbered. And thus an excellent dwelling is obtained in the town for a reasonable sum, for less than half, in short, of what it would cost if manufactured by town labour.

Every Norwegian devoutly believes that

mines of untold wealth lie hidden in the bowels of his country. It has several times happened to me that peasants have brought me pieces of ore, wishing to know whether they were not very valuable. There is no doubt that in so large a country, with a population proportionately so small, there are mineral treasures yet unexplored ; although the popular notions on the subject are much exaggerated. One day, while I was preparing a fly of a very gaudy character, the body of which was inordinately bright with silver tinsel, in strolled a giant, who told me his name was Peter Gulbrand ; he dwelt in the forest, and was an emigrant from Gulbrandsal.

“Is that silver?” said he, looking at the fly with much curiosity, as soon as some other peasants, who had been staring and spitting about the room, had gone out.

“Ja vel,” I replied. “I always use genuine silver twist, as it will last longer.”

“Do you know silver ore, then, when you

see it?" he continued, in hollow tones, his voice evidently betraying inward emotion.

"I don't know. Why?"

"Why, because," he said, glancing round to see that nobody but our two selves was looking on, "because I think I've found some real sølv (silver). Look at this and this," he exclaimed, pulling two heavy substances from his pocket, which bore the appearance of some valuable ore, "I found them in the forest. I dug it out of the ground in the night. Nobody knows the place but myself. I am sure it is silver. Don't mention this to anybody. I thought you would know it, you Englishmen are so clever."

Eventually, I promised to take a specimen to England, and have it analyzed. It turned out to be copper pyrites, and of little value.

CHAPTER II.

Norwegian Church-going—Fin Women—The Descendants of the Vikings—Fjeld Fins and Sea Fins—Conversion of the Laps to Christianity—Lestadius—Characteristics of the Sect established by him and his Daughter—Vengeance on a dark Night in November—The ripe Fruits of Religious Fanaticism—Ghosts—Improving Condition of the Fins—The Architecture of Norwegian Churches—Clerical Politeness—Unimpressive Psalm-Singing—A Specimen of Norwegian Pulpit Eloquence—Expulsion of a Lap Mamma and her Baby—The Baptism of Children—Sunday Talk—Ole Carlem—An Antidote to Dissent—Opbyggelse.

ONE Sunday I took horse, and accompanied by Niels, my landlord, rode a dozen miles down the valley to church. The king's highway, which followed the wind-

ings of the stream, was nothing but a mere bridle-path. As we approached the house of God, it was evident that the people had already assembled, from the number of horses grazing in the woods near. The building was octagon—a favourite shape in this country—and as usual, of pine-logs coloured, or discoloured, black by the weather. The same pine-logs appeared in the interior, only less dark in tint.

Though the building was large, and provided with galleries, nearly every seat was occupied. A motley assemblage was there. Norwegian bonders, in their grey wadmalsuits, sat on the south side of the church; on the north their wives and daughters, with the never absent black silk cap “lue,” fastened under the chin, woollen dresses, fitting closely up to the throat, and a kerchief of some bright silk passed twice round the neck, and tied in a large knot behind the ears. Such are the spring, summer, autumn and winter fashions of the people. Lower down the aisle,

and up in the galleries, were the diminutive Laps, dressed in their summer suit, a dingy flannel blouse, ornamented with edgings and shoulder-straps of red and yellow. From their leathern belts depended large knives.

Fin-women too, were not wanting, conspicuous by their caps like truncated cones, adorned with gold and silver lace, and bright coloured ribbands. These tiny people contrasted strangely with the bulkier Norwegians. Here were the blue eyes and fair hair of the descendants of the Vikings, with countenances solemn and sedate. There the gleaming, deep-set orbs, high-cheeked bones, elf-locks, and scanty beards of the inferior race. Some of these intently watched the service with a look of mingled curiosity and fanaticism; while others stared around so wildly and fiercely, that one might fancy they would draw their long knives, and set up a wild war-hoop.

Most of these Laps or Fins, (they are called by both names,) were still nomads,

living upon the fjeld summer and winter ; “ Fjeld Finner.” Their encampments were on the adjoining mountain. Others were Sea-Fins, who, giving up a wandering life, have settled down by the Fjords, and taken to fishing, and cultivating patches of bog or rock. These last are inferior to the former in appearance, and are generally poorer and worse off. In fact, they seldom thrive away from the mountains. The instinct of roaming is so strong upon them, that after trying a settled life for a time, they suddenly pack up what they can carry, and join their brethern on the fjeld. I have myself seen more than one dwelling, which it must have required much labour to build, entirely deserted. The number of Laps in Norway at the last census in 1847 was 14,464.

It is not above a hundred years since, they were nominally converted to Christianity. But it is only of late, principally owing to the exertions of Thomas von Westen and Stockfleth, who translated the Greek Testa-

ment into Lappish, that they have become acquainted with the practical doctrines of Christianity. While in the throes of recent conversion: their minds, naturally excitable, were worked up into a state of religious frenzy, which was productive of the worst consequences.

A Swedish priest, named Lestadius, the pastor of a parish near the Tana, as I am informed, was the author of the mischief. When he first appeared in this part of the country, he was an exceeding jovial person, fond of company, and good living. On a sudden, he became a great ascetic, and moved about among the Fins, describing to them the horrible tortures that awaited them in another world, if they took much schnaps in this. Naturally eloquent, he gained a great hold upon this simple people, and worked them up to the highest pitch of fanaticism. His daughter also preached to the same effect. Transformed into a set of virulent bigots, nothing but

groaning, and fiercely lamenting over their state would serve them. Community of goods was one of their theories; new religious observances were started; and everybody, who did not hold with them, was anathema maranatha. The priests of the establishment, they gave up for lost; and to show their zeal in the cause of religion, they proceeded to acts of unwarrantable violence.

One dark night in November, 1853, a band of these zealots, male and female, to the number of thirty, led by one Aslac Jacobson Hette, a Fin of considerable acuteness, proceeded to Kautokeino, a village on the Tana. Two women of their tribe had been punished by the Lehnsmen, or government officer who lived there, Bug by name, for church brawling.

One of the customs of the sect, in fact, was to interrupt the church service by groaning and other noises. Vengeance for the affront was their object. Some days previously, it had been whispered about that an outrage was intended; but, unfortunately,

the authorities had taken no precautions against the attack.

Armed with bludgeons, the Fins proceeded first to the house of Lehnsmann. In spite of a determined resistance, he was at length overpowered, and while a boy held the point of one of their long knives to his breast, Hette, the ringleader, drove it in with his fist; in the same manner as they kill the rein-deer; the women helping in the murder. They next proceeded to the house of Ruthe, the Handelsman or merchant, whom they almost beat to death with their bludgeons; a Fin, named Mons Somby, gave him the finishing stroke, by knocking him on the head.

By this time, a number of friendly Fins, who had come to the rescue, endeavoured to drive off the wretches; but were repulsed, and the house of the unfortunate victims being set on fire, their bodies were consumed in the flames. Thirsting for more blood, these fanatics next attacked the house of the priest, Hvroslav, whom they savagely beat

about the head with their clubs. Luckily, as he rose from his bed, he threw around him his thick pesk of rein-deer hide ; drawing the cape over his head ; had it not been for this shield of proof, the blows must have been fatal. More help arriving, he was saved from the clutches of his worthy parishioners. His wife, and the wife of the murdered merchant, who had taken refuge at the vicarage, escaped uninjured.

It is very singular that the Fins, who were all according to custom, armed with long knives, did not use them except in the case of Lehnsmen. It was their intention, originally, it was said, to beat the merchant and clergyman, and take them with them, and convert them. Be this as it may, there was a strong spice of self-seeking mixed up with their zeal for religion. For, in the confusion of the moment, they contrived to appropriate several little articles of property belonging to the Amalekites, whom they had slaughtered. Strangely enough, immediately after the deed

was done, several of the band, who have since been condemned to chains for life, assisted the authorities to convey the ring-leaders to prison.

An English Quaker, Mr. B., whom I met last year, visited them, while in their confinement at Bosekop. He made some impression on one young man, who seemed to be penitent ; but another expressed no sorrow, citing the destruction of the Canaanites in his own justification. Aslac Hette, and Mons Somby were guillotined at Alten, defending what they had done to the last on religious grounds, after the approved example, alas ! of many greater and more learned men in all ages and countries. The rest were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. But the outrage will not thus easily be expiated. Already, stories are told in the country side, of the ghosts of the murdered people having been seen about the spot. While the executed malefactors appear from time to time wandering about with their heads under their arms. Even

educated people in this country will sometimes fancy that doomed or murdered men shew themselves to their relatives, and that at the moment of their dissolution, a puff of air is felt, and a sound like a deep sigh is heard by the distant friend. The Norwegian Laps used to fancy that a being, whom they called Epparis, haunted the spot where an unbaptized child had been murdered, until the murderer was discovered.

Still, it is acknowledged on all hands, that this singular people have of late, much improved in morality ; making allowances for no little rant, and absurdity, which still mark their way of evincing seriousness of mind, and sorrow for past sin. They are substantially changed for the better. Bestial intoxication is less common. Many of them are teetotalers. Honesty also is more in vogue. Each autumn, when they crossed Bardu bridge with their reindeer, on the road to Sweden, they used to "snap up unconsidered trifles" from Fosmoen. Now, nothing of the kind occurs.

Indeed, it not unfrequently happens, as Ingeborg Fosmoen informs me, that a Lap comes and begs her pardon, for that on such and such a night, four or five years ago, he stole a "nape," (turnip) from the field; or that on such and such night, while passing by, he crept into the house through the unfastened door, (locks are not known here) and finding all asleep, regaled himself on the milk and cream in the larder. Quite a treat, by the bye, for a Lap, after the course of strong reindeer milk he is perpetually undergoing.

But to return to the church. Pastor ——, my old friend of wedding reminiscence, was standing before the altar rails as I entered the church—I should say that the form of the chancel, is always circular in Norwegian churches, with a passage running behind the altar. He at once recognised me, and stopping in the middle of the service, made me a bow. I had with becoming humility, taken a distant seat on the man's side of the aisle,

next to a venerable looking bonder; but the "glocker" (precentor,) was forthwith sent by the priest to put me in a higher seat of the synagogue, facing the congregation. A young man, who sat next me in my new position, which was by the side of the altar rails, showed me the places in the Bedebog, "prayer-book" with great alacrity. He was dressed in the Norwegian fashion, but his dwarfish proportions, and characteristic countenance, made me think he must be a Fin, notwithstanding; afterwards I found my suspicion correct. He was, in fact, a genuine Fin, but was now at the Kneller Hall of Tromsö, training for a schoolmaster to his kindred.

Meanwhile, the precentor, while the priest remained at the altar with his back to the congregation, took the place which he had previously occupied before the rails, and gave out a psalm to Luther's well-known air, "Ein fester Burg." Altogether it was a terrible ding-dong, which did not impress

me with a very favourable idea of the musical powers of the congregation. This over, the precentor, who, for the time being, had seemed almost as great a man as the clergyman, subsided into private life; while the latter ascended the pulpit, just outside the rails, to the south, and preached extempore from the Gospel of the day.

His text was, "Beware of false prophets."

"Beware," said he, "yes, you must all beware, and yet rely on God," quoting the proverb, "'Aid yourself, and Heaven will aid you.' Beware of the tempest on the fjord. Beware of the gurgling Foss." This was an allusion which the hearers well understood; as every summer, as is mentioned elsewhere, men lost their lives at the falls above, while running their rafts from the mountains. "Beware," he continued, "of the great falling tree. Beware of the lightning's stroke. Beware of the ravening beasts of prey."

He then told them, in tones of much natural pathos, of one of their brethren, who

since last Sabbath, went to the By "town" and had been brought back cold in his coffin, removed by sudden accident. Many weeping eyes were to be seen on the female side of the congregation. One girl, with a thoughtful face, and some pretensions to beauty, particularly attracted my observation, by her earnestness and tears.

At this moment, a Lap child, whom its mother had brought to be christened, commenced screaming: on which the priest, somewhat annoyed, requested that all squalling babies should be immediately removed, which order from the pulpit had the effect of sending the Lap mamma and her infant outside the open door in much confusion of face.

"And what," resumed the preacher, "does the Saviour here tell you specially to beware of? False prophets!" He then shewed what were prophets. "I sit in Moses' seat. I am the prophet of Mons-Elv. The Lord had graciously moved his Majesty the king to name him to that 'call.' (living.) He

was the regularly accredited expounder of the Gospel. They must not look at the life of him, a weak mortal—that was a matter between himself and his God—but at his doctrine; to his words, which were according to the Gospel. And,” added he, “if I preached any other Christ than the real Christ, I and my Christ would go to hell.”

He concluded his discourse, which was, at times, impassioned, and, upon the whole, not ill-suited for the simple-minded audience, with some practical remarks; in the course of which he inveighed against those who cried, “Lord! Lord!” on a Sunday, and were cheating and doing wrong on the other days of the week. At this moment, my eyes involuntarily settled upon a bonder, who was sitting opposite to me, with a very resigned and attentive countenance. The preacher’s last remark had evidently made him wince; and well he might, for he had not long before demanded of me for the

hire of his horse, treble what the law entitled him to; and he knew that I had my eyes upon him.

The sermon ended, a man collected alms all round the church for the poor. He was a fine-looking fellow, with grizzled locks, and weather-beaten face. But a small periwig, fixed on the crown of his head, which I suppose was bald, and secured by strings under his chin, made him look somewhat ridiculous.

The priest next went within the rails to the font. Three mothers approached with their infants, a Norwegian and two Fins. Each child was swaddled up very tight, and across their bodies were tied red silk ribbands and bows. While the mother held the child in her arms, the priest poured water on its head, at the mention of each of the three persons of the Trinity. After this, he laid his hand on the head of each child and blessed it. All the proceedings were apparently regarded by the congregation with much interest. Indeed, the most exemplary attention and devo-

tion were manifested during the protracted service. Subsequently, there was a celebration of the Holy Communion; previous to which I left the church. I learnt that one hundred and eight persons partook of the rite.

As I left the church, a female stopped me, and asked if I was the Englishman. Thinking she asked out of mere curiosity, I replied, "Hvorfor sporge de?" (Why do you ask?)

"The priest desired me," said she, "to bid the Englishman to dinner."

"Oh, yes! I am the Englishman," rejoined I, at once, nothing loth to hear of dinner; as I was by this time as hungry as a hunter.

The dinner-time was four o'clock; by which hour it was supposed the service would be over, but not before, as a wedding was to follow the Communion. In the church-yard were a number of people of both sexes and races, loitering about in groups. Lads and lasses looking bashfully

at each other, approached to shake hands. After this, there was a regular Norwegian pause of a minute to recover the shock of meeting ; and then a conversation commenced. To some, the Sunday gathering was evidently a coveted opportunity for talking over worldly matters.

Look at that sly little Fin with dark gipsy lineaments. He has drawn a giant fair-haired Norwegian into one corner of the grave-yard, and communicated to him something of evident importance. Perhaps he is telling him that the herrings have been seen in the fjord, or that he knows of a customer for the fir-logs, which the said "bonder," who lives twenty miles, or more, up the valley, has floated down the Elv, duly marked with his initials, or particular brand.

It was five mortal hours before the priest had discharged his multifarious functions ; so that both of us sat down to dinner with keen appetites ; and a very good dinner it was. Mountain mutton, quite equal to Welsh,

potatoes, and lettuce. Pancakes, a regular Norwegian dish, followed. The priest apologized for any deficiency in the cookery, on the score of his lady's absence. She had gone to the "By." But the only defect I could observe, which, indeed, was a radical one, was in the cellar department. Imagine an Englishman finding nothing more stimulating than milk to his dinner; after jogging for hours on a Norsk pony, through a Norsk forest; yet such was the melancholy fact; but *n'importe*.

"What was that notice," I asked my host when we had dined, "about an *Opbyggelse*, which you gave out this morning in church? Who is Ole Carlem?"

"Opbyggelse," he explained, "was an edification, or sermon, which the said Ole Carlem, a peasant, who had a call that way, was about to preach that afternoon at six o'clock, and anybody who liked might attend."

"But is he not a sectarian?" I replied. "Do the clergymen of your church publicly

sanction, or rather give notice of dissenting meetings?"

"He is not a dissenter," was the answer ; "he is one of those men, not unfrequent in this country of late years, who from temperament or strong religious impulse, feel a desire to preach to their countrymen. I have ascertained that his doctrines are sound, and so I let him act as my auxiliary : he is a person of no ordinary powers, and I feel persuaded that he does much good."

On reflection, it struck me that there was much reason in the priest's observation. In England it would be different. An Anglican parson would be inclined to ignore a simple peasant who belonged to no college, and had taken his degree at no university ; and so, instead of making him his friend and helper in a subordinate capacity, he would at once add a new proselyte to the sectarian ranks. The Norwegian way of proceeding will doubtless find little favour in the eyes of Ecclesiastics, over-zealous for their

order; but it is based on Christian feeling, and sound sense, which are better than the subtlest theories.

At my desire, we repaired to the empty barn, where the Opbyggelse took place. In Norway this building is always a loft over the cow-house, (Fiös), and is approached by an inclined plane of logs, instead of a staircase; in order to allow of the ponies dragging up the sledges loaded with hay. At present, however, the apartment was entirely empty of corn and hay, and crammed instead with human beings. The weather was intensely close, so that, as may well be imagined, it was not very cool inside the building. Out of a small hole in the wall, protruded the grotesque head of a Fin, covered with matted hair, his face sweltering hot, who was endeavouring by this means, to get a whiff of fresh air. He looked, for all the world, like some hideous and fantastic gargoyle stuck out of the wall of a cathedral. Taking off our hats, we

stood just outside the threshold ; the crowd surging backward to make a little room for us.

By a small table stood the preacher, dressed in a blue coat and trowsers. His countenance was of a pallid and thoughtful cast, but now warmed with exertion, and his eye lit up with the enthusiasm of the moment. In soft and winning tones he was addressing the congregation on the love of the Saviour. His language was simple, and address fluent, but although impassioned, he was without rant and fury, like a Stiggins of the Brick-lane branch, at home ; nor did he emulate the unctuous vapidities of a Chadband.

The intense and brooding imagination of the Northmen was evidently called into full play by the fervour of this untaught preacher ; the men were listening to what he said with looks of great earnestness, while many women were dissolved in tears. The sermon over, a hymn was sung, in which all joined. Carlem then gave notice in a quiet unaffected tone, that, if they pleased, he would preach on

the next Sabbath, in a wilder part of the valley, some twenty-four miles distant.

“What do you think of Ole Carlem?” inquired some of the bonders of me, exultingly.

“He preaches very well; but what do you think of the pastor?” was my reply.

“Oh! he is a good man, and preaches very well undoubtedly,” was their answer, “but Ole Carlem preaches much better. We understand every word he says.”

“I hope you will practise it,” was my observation.

Several of the bonders and their wives now came and talked to the priest on various matters in which they required his advice. Then they shook him cordially by the hand, and said:

“Good-bye, ——,” (addressing him by his surname, without the prefix of Mr.) “Thanks for the day. We have been much edified.”

“Farewell, mother,” or, “farewell, Ole,” the pastor would reply, as the case might be.

“ Lykke paa reise—A happy journey to you.”

Many of them were soon mounted on their ponies, or in their boats, and on their way to their distant homes.

CHAPTER III.

A Lap Home—Capercaillie—My Garden destroyed—Lars' Account of the Opbyggelse—Norwegian Pledge-taking—Shameless Poachers—The Author goes in search of an Osprey's Nest—A Giddy Climb—An Unexpected Greeting—Snow-Shoes—Maternal Fondness of a Female Red-breasted Merganser—Norwegian Wastefulness of Timber—Location of a Recent Squatter.

ON returning through the forest, I passed a Lap family returning to their encampment in the mountains. The gait of the Laps is peculiar ; this is owing either to their frequent journeys through the snow, or to their peculiar chaussure. The comargo, as it is called, is a kind of half-boot of flexible leather, tied round the ankle with a piece of listing. The

toe is pointed, like those worn by the exquisites of the time of the Norman kings. It has no sole, and is generally much too large for the foot; the interstices being filled up with dried "senne" grass, which they gather on the mountain morasses. The consequence is, that they appear to have clubbed feet, and "stagger to and fro like a drunken man;" though, I should by no means say, that they are ever "at their wits' end." Quite the reverse. First marched Paterfamilias with a baby, placed in a kind of ark of birch-bark, suspended by a strap from his shoulders; then madam, and then two pledges, male and female, dressed exactly like their parents, and floundering along in the same fashion.

As we passed through a sequestered dell, a couple of capercailzies suddenly rose within shot. Impending over this dell, was a high road, where, as Niels told me, his father once lay in wait for, and shot a bear that infested the neighbourhood. As a bait, he tethered near an old horse unfit

for further work. Thought I, then he must have been very antique indeed, for I have not unfrequently driven them twenty-five years old in this country. Indeed, I have sometimes felt quite nervous about asking the age of a horse, for fear they should say half a century.

On arriving at our log habitation, my Sabbath tranquillity was slightly ruffled on hearing that the heat had burst some of the bottles of Bavarian beer, which I had bought at Trondjem. Add to which, the old he-goat had broke through the fence I had erected round my miniature garden, and eaten up all the up-coming lettuces, and turnip-radishes. Remember, reader, before you smile, that this is not the land of green-grocers, and with the exception of the priests and merchants, nobody plants any vegetables but potatoes. "Here I am," said that lively traveller, Dr. Clarke, "eating wild strawberries in the Arctic regions." But I do not think you will find him talking about lettuces or green-peas.

“ Well, Lars,” said I, on a subsequent occasion to a youth, who was come to help Niels in securing their scanty crop of hay, and who took the place of Peer in rowing my boat for the day ; “ Did you go to the Opbyggelese which Carlem gave notice of.”

“ Oh ! yes ; very edifying it was. Great number of people. He preached upon the Unjust Steward.”

And he proceeded to give me a short sketch of the sermon. He then added :

“ After service was ended, many persons took the pledge, to abstain from brantviin.”

“ Did you take it ?” said I.

“ No. I received the pledge last year.”

I said nothing more at the moment, purposing to test the sincerity of this pledge-taking, which has become very much the fashion in Norway. When we had worked pretty hard for several hours, securing more than one good fish ; one of which gave us an infinity of trouble by going down a long

way, where there was no convenient place to land him ; I went ashore rather exhausted, and gathered some wild-currants and “ multibeer,” the delicious amber-coloured ground-mulberry (*Chamæmorus*), which last grew green, close by the stream in great abundance. A pipe and a thimblefull of brandy followed.

“ I am sorry, Lars,” said I gravely, “ that I cannot offer you my flask, as I should be tempting you to violate the pledge.”

“ Det kommer an paa—it all depends,” was his reply. “ What is it in the flask ?”

“ Spiritus,” I answered.

“ It was brantviin that I promised to abstain from,” said he, with lips thirsty as those of Tantalus, “ not spiritus ; so I should like to have a pull at the bottle if you please, Sir.”

“ But that is all the same thing,” interposed I.

“ How could it be,” he reasoned ; but I declined, as far as I was concerned, to aid

him in breaking his vow. I fear that much of the pledge-taking in this country is observed with no less laxity than by Lars. We all remember the fable of the cat transformed into a woman, who played her new part admirably till tempted by the sight of a mouse.

I had almost forgotten to say that my fishing was not unfrequently disturbed by two poachers, who carried on their depredations with the most barefaced effrontery. They were not of that class that usually appears before the Justice for unlawful fishing; nor were the hooks they used, the best Limerick: though I question whether they ever missed their fish, when they once got hold of him.

I am alluding to two ospreys, which, when I was fishing in one part of the pool, came hovering over another part; but still, so distant, from the size of the water, as to be quite beyond the range of my gun, which always lay loaded in the boat. With flight, little less majestic than the sea-eagle, they

would rapidly survey the ground, or rather, the water ; and then poising themselves for a moment over the spot which they had selected, shoot like a falling star into the limpid element. The Italians, if I remember rightly, compare this bird's descent to a piece of lead, and call it *Aquila Piumbina*. A momentary struggling and splashing in the water, and up rises the bird again. The invariable result of the swoop, being a salmon, which is borne off aloft, powerless in his captor's talons. Observing that these birds always flew off in one direction, it struck me that they must have young ones in the neighbourhood.

"Lars," said I, one day, after witnessing a larger fish than usual thus suddenly transformed from its native element to the sky, "That fellow must have a nest not far off."

"Kannskee," (perhaps) was the phlegmatic reply.

"Do these eagles ever build in the forest?" I rejoined.

"Now you mention it," answered the

unexcited Lars to my excited enquiry, "I think they do. Yes! now I remember, there is a big tree over yonder," pointing to the direction taken by the bird, "where I believe I once saw a nest."

"Do you think you can find it again?"

"Perhaps I can."

That very evening off I set with my gun in search of my rival's abode. Partly instigated by jealousy, no doubt, in verification of the old proverb about 'two of a trade, and partly coveting his skin as a specimen, to add to my museum of lemmings, divers, grey-owls,* and so forth. Lars led the way

* The woods around abound with various owls. I have shot two or three of one beautiful variety barred black and white, like the breast of the Norwegian cuckoo. A shepherd was on the fjeld near here, when two great white owls attacked his dog with great ferocity. He had never seen such birds before, he told me, and had no notion what they were; but from his description, they were evidently the above birds. As a rule, whenever it is a good lemming year, the owls are numerous; which, of course, is easily accounted for, as the lemming is the owl's favourite food. There are some odd superstitions current among the common people about owls. One sort called *Skoga-*

through the forest. We had walked for the best part of an hour, and still could see nothing of the tree which we were seeking for; although Lars said it must be here-about. I began to think, to use a somewhat Hibernian expression, ~~that~~ we were embarked in a wild-goose chase. Just then, I heard a distant scream, and then another.

“Hurrah !” I exclaimed. Again I stopped to listen. There were now two voices skirling in discord. Presently we found the object of our search. A gigantic pine of immense girth. On its crown, sure

gasten (the wood-guest) is often heard by the peasants of a valley in Norway. It is supposed to be the ghost of a man who, in this life, removed his neighbour's landmarks. For a punishment, he is now condemned to bring these stones back again, in the night-time, to their proper places; and that is the reason of those two different cries of his: “tu-whit, tu-whoo !” At one time, his voice seems to betoken joy and gladness; for the ghost has succeeded in removing the stone. At another time, it is a note of sadness, and then the stone has fallen from his grasp. To shoot this bird is looked upon as a crime which is sure to be visited with misfortune. If the same notion holds good in this valley, I must look out for squalls.

enough, was a vast conglomerate of sticks laid one upon another, in the shape of a nest; the construction of which, must have been the work of years. The lower part of the tree was quite bare of branches, and too thick to swarm up. But we had provided for this contingency. Lars speedily cut down three birch trees with his axe. These he set against the tree, side by side, so as to form a kind of ladder. The germ of destructiveness, engendered in us all, but most of all, in that "pursuing animal," the Briton, was beginning to bud forth even in the apathetic bosom of Lars. He was decidedly excited. He was speedily up the extempore ladder, and had clambered a few feet up the branches. All this time the birds were screaming and whirling over head, but far out of gunshot. At this moment, Lars looked down, and frightened, apparently, at the giddy height he had reached, called out that he dare not go any further.

"Are you giddy?" said I; "if so, look

upward and hold fast. Don't go higher unless you like."

After some conversation, during which Lars said he thought it was no use climbing up, for the birds would never come within shot; he seemed suddenly to alter his mind, and began to ascend again. As he got higher and higher, the old ones came lower and lower; till just when he reached the nest, and called out that there were three young ones in it, fully fledged; one of the parent birds, coming, as I judged, within distance, I fired. Down he fell, spinning like a teetotum. The other bird, at once took to flight. Nevertheless, I felt convinced, from my previous knowledge of the habits of these birds, that she would come back. I knew it was the mother, as she was much larger than the one I had shot. So I begged Lars to keep where he was. My suspicion turned out correct. We soon heard a distant scream, this time more in sorrow, perhaps, than in anger! ("What

cruel fellows sportsmen and naturalists are!") Before long, the bird was circling over head. Presently, she made a frantic lunge, as if determined to avenge her wrongs upon the bare head of the peasant. What her real intention was, will never be known. For just in the nick of time, a shot struck her hard, and sent her with the utmost precipitation in a different direction. Lars watched her for a long distance, when she suddenly fell, no doubt dead, in a morass. An ineffectual search was made for her body the next day. Most probably he had failed to mark the exact spot.

The parents being dead, it was clearly no use preserving the young ones. So Lars hurled them down. Their system, however, turned out to be so saturated with oil, from the quantity of fish that they had consumed, that their skins were worthless as specimens. In the nest was a reeking heap of fish-bones. It was high time that their depredations should be put a stop to.

Hearing great accounts of the beauty of the upland valley, and of the numbers of fish in the stream, I determined to make an excursion up it. Every seven or eight miles, as I rode through the forest, I came upon a small clearing, with a substantial log-house and out-buildings. "Hvor staaer til?" (How do you do, sir?) mentioning my name, was the exclamation that greeted me, as I approached one of these dwellings. It was a peasant who had seen me at church, and who, as a matter of course, had made himself acquainted with my name, though I knew nothing of him. But this is as it should be, Sancho Panza would say, "For more people know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows." As I have often observed; these people have a singular facility in retaining recollection of proper names.

The owner of the manly voice, that thus hailed me, begged me to enter his humble abode, which was very neat, clean, and comfortable. Meantime, his wife brought a

bowl of milk, and he agreed to provide me a horse without loss of time.

There are no salmon up here, but I caught some splendid grayling; I should think, perhaps, that finer char, grayling, and trout are not to be found in any river in the world. Englishmen must remember that in Great Britain, the usual size of char is not above twelve inches, and that they are very difficult to take with the bait.

At Halvor Neergaard's I saw some snow shoes, which I found on measurement, to be ten feet long. They are even used as long as twelve feet. In shape, they were something like a bow, the toe being pointed and considerably turned up; to give them this shape, they are tied to a piece of wood of the requisite bend, and kept for some time in hot water. They were only just as broad as the foot, and fastened over the instep by a thong. Underneath they are fluted.

In ascending hills, the wearer is forced to tack; and a piece of rein-deer skin is tied under the shoe, that it may take better hold.

It is usual for him to have two sticks like mop-handles, corresponding in some respects to the alpenstock of the Swiss, near one end of which there is a ring of wood to prevent them sinking too deep into the snow. The Fins cross these two mop-sticks, and making a kind of seat of the fork, the lower ends of which are stuck in the snow, while the other ends are firmly grasped in their hands; they glide down the steepest descents with reckless speed. One of the most astonishing sights of a Norwegian winter, is a party of these agile creatures descending the side of a mountain in this manner. Very little more is discernible than a cloud of snow particles, rising along their course like the smoke of a locomotive running through a deep cutting, where the engine itself is invisible.

Numbers of the duck tribe frequent the stream, especially about Skægenæs, where there are some low islands covered with brushwood. The maternal fondness of a female red-breasted Merganser particularly struck me. Roused, with her brood, from

under the shade of an alder, which overhung the stream, she led them, flapping the water with her wings, until they were out of harm's way. She then rose and flew straight back towards me, braving all danger, in her attempt to divert my attention from the young ones.

"She is poor eating," observed my companion, "she is not a 'bred-neb'—a broad beak,—*i. e.* a genuine duck: but only a (spids-neb) pointed billed bird."

But I had provisions with me, and there were plenty of more palatable wild birds to be had, if required. At the same time, I must confess to having eaten before now a female smew. A friend of mine, travelling in the country, was also reduced once to banqueting on a sea-gull. But this achievement is not equal to that of a Norwegian naval captain of my acquaintance; who told me that while out surveying the coast in the winter time; all he could get in the meat line, was 'skarve,' cormorant!

As I rode along through the forest, I had

an opportunity of observing the wastefulness of these Norwegians in the matter of timber. Instead of being hewn level with the ground, the pine-stems were cut off four or five feet above it. The explanation I received, was, that the timber is felled in the winter, when the lower part of the stock is covered with snow. The time will come when the natives will bitterly repent this want of thrift.

The supply of timber, that great staple of Norwegian commerce, which is yearly exported to the value of nearly three millions of dollars, is by no means so plentiful as formerly. So great has been the waste in Finmark, that the government have lately issued an edict, which is in my possession, against felling timber except on certain conditions ; but it is greatly to be lamented that there is no regularly constituted government supervision of forests, like the ‘ Forstwesen ’ of Germany, which is so admirably managed. The whole of this valley and its tributaries

belong to the crown, each settler paying a small quit-rent to the government, so that some such regulation, as I have hinted, might be easily established.

The location of a recent squatter attracted my attention. Four or five cows, and a dozen goats, were the extent of his flocks and herds. The byre was already constructed; but where the family lodged, it was difficult to say. The wife with a baby in her arms, was cooking porridge over a fire in the open air. Before the winter, I suppose they will contrive to have a chimney corner under cover.

CHAPTER IV.

Norgaard—Conflagrations in the Royal Forests—Enormous Char—How to cross Bogs—A Rough Road—Gigantic Pine Trees—Sorrow in a Log-Hut—Homely Entertainment—Interview with an Unneighbourly Quain—Peter's offer and the Quain's chagrin—Arrival at Elvkrogen—Unaccommodating Fins—Ole Johansen—An expedition to Church—Blasted Pines—Favourite method of taking Bears—Trading Booths—Reindeer as beasts of Burden—Temperance and Morality—The absence of the Medical Faculty amongst the Norwegians—The Goldfinch in the ruined village—The Red-pole.

AT Norgaard, I found an old serjeant, who had fought against the Swedes, during the troubles which ended in this country, being handed over to the sovereignty of Bernadotte.

At this lonely spot, the valley branches into three directions. That to the right is Divi Dal, where there are great quantities of wild rein-deer.

Up this valley, the royal forests have, during the last eight days, been the scene of a great conflagration, which is still unextinguished. Nor is it likely to be so, unless there comes a heavy fall of rain. This sort of thing is constantly occurring; owing, no doubt, to the carelessness of some wanderer, who has bivouacked in the forest, and afterwards omitted to put out his fire, with which he has cooked his victuals.

The middle valley is called Rosta, and a short distance up it, is a lake which abounds in char; some of which, as I heard on good authority, reach a weight of twelve pounds. It was my intention, however, to explore the Lyngen Fjord, so I took the northernmost branch, that of Tammuc, by the side of a mountain torrent.

The guide, who was a great chatterer,

told me that some people thought him cracked, but he did not believe it. The way, he said, was rather awkward, and so I found. In fact, there was no way at all. Frequently, I had to relieve the pony of my weight, in a great hurry, to prevent him being engulfed in the morasses. "Rather soft," said Eric, "we must try a little higher up." So the pony had to diverge, and climb some rocks, at an angle, perhaps, of 45°, and scramble down again, when the "soft" part was passed. Now and then, we came to a black water-course of oozy loam, which by the aid of some overhanging birch, I succeeded in swinging myself over. On these occasions, the horse was left to his own discretion. After casting about, and snuffing very sagaciously—they can tell by their nose how deep it is, to a nicety—he selected the safest spot. Even then, he sank in far above his hocks. But these agile creatures are so expert, and so quick in their motions, that they will extricate themselves from these Serbonian gulphs,

where an animal, not accustomed to it, would be hopelessly swallowed up.

We passed through a tract of higher ground, covered with pines of unusual proportions. Many had passed their prime, and were beginning to shew symptoms of decay at the top. Others had been blasted by the lightning and split in two; while some still reared their heads aloft, and spread out their branching arms, blanched and barkless. Sometimes we passed half-a-dozen together, mowed down by the violent winds, that at times rage in these defiles, sweeping along with irresistible force.

It will hardly be credited, but in all this abundance of timber, so near a large river, there was no vestige of the woodman's axe. But so it was. The proprietor, who lives, as the guide told me, in some distant part of the country, has only once visited these valleys, and then in a hurried manner. Two or three of these trees, which I spanned, were from twelve to sixteen feet in girth.

At last, passing through a grove of birches,

intersected by numerous rills, from whence we startled a brood or two of wood ptarmigan, we emerged on another swamp, and saw before us two little log-huts, the habitations of man. In one dwelt an old Norwegian and his helpmate, miserably poor, who had emigrated from Osterdalen, in the south, and were come hither to linger out their days. They had no land, they said, in Osterdalen, but here they had plenty, such as it was. The poor people were in sad tribulation. Their only horse, which they had purchased a year before, had been long sick, and had just died. How were they to get in their hay? their neighbour, a Quain, would not act the part of a neighbour, and lend them his; and so they were in a sad fix. Without fodder, their scanty herd would perish during the ensuing winter.

To add to their disconsolate condition, their two calves had not come home as usual, and they feared that they had been taken

by the wolves. Before I left, I am glad to say the lost calves returned, when the good woman ran out in much haste, crying, "They've come, they've come," to give them a little salt. This is the great bait to attract truant cattle in this country. The old couple, however, seemed to be tolerably content under their calamities. They had been, they said, to the By (town) Tromsö, on Sunday last, and had gone to the altar, *i. e.*, received the sacrament. The town is nearly fifty miles distant, and much of the journey is by sea; but a friend had given them a lift in his boat. They always make a point of going thus to church twice a-year.

Entering their only room, which was bed-chamber, larder, kitchen and everything, I seated myself on the edge of the bed. The only approach to a seat besides this, was a bench, covered with fladbrod and butter; and a low stool, on which the old man sat carving a birch-wood spoon with his tollknife. I had

some fish with me, and biscuit and cheese; and I knew, that poor as they were, they were sure to have coffee. From a hole in the floor, a trap-door was removed, and coffee berries, and white sugar produced. Being duly roasted, and bruised with a round stone, the coffee was boiled and refined by a piece of the skin of dried coal-fish. And a very excellent beverage it was, particularly with the addition of such cream as they gave me. The chicorized mocha, and hot milk, of those café's in the Boulevard Italien, never tasted to me half so refreshing.

Meanwhile, I desired to have a conference with the Quain on the subject of his horse, which I wished to hire across the mountain to the nearest house, distant above fourteen miles. A very forbidding looking fellow at last made his appearance; bursting abruptly into the room, and squirting a brown fluid upon the only vacant spot of the floor. A square bony face, wide ferocious looking mouth, and a low brow thatched with ragged

black hair, were not rendered more pleasing by a pair of cunning black eyes.

“ Good day: can I hire your horse to proceed to Elvkrogen ?”

“ I don’t know.”

“ What do you mean ?”

“ How far do you think it is off,” he rejoined.

“ Two Norsk miles.”

“ More likely four,” was the answer of this unblushing rascal.

“ Peter here tells me it is only two, but I am willing to pay a fair price. Will you go ?”

“ Don’t know.”

“ You are old enough to know your own mind. Say yes, or no. I will give you so much ;” mentioning a very ample price. On this, our dark friend left the room as abruptly as he had entered. After waiting half an hour, I sent to enquire whether he had made up his mind. In reply, he demanded treble the proper pay ; also that I should go his pace,

with various other conditions to which I felt no inclination to submit.

“Peter,” said the old woman, to her more aged spouse, “you must accompany the gentleman. He cannot possibly find the way himself. And he might happen with an accident, for there are dangerous swamps on the way.”

Peter on this, expressed his willingness to go ; but added he, “I am old, and cannot go fast.”

“All right, Peter, your pace is mine.” He had soon taken his evening meal and put on his Sunday jacket. Stuffing some fresh grass into his comargos, and fastening my bundle on a sort of frame, like those used by travelling glaziers in England, and taking a stout staff in hand, he said he was quite ready to start.

At this juncture, the sinister aspect of the Quain was popped in at the door. He evidently wished to go with me ; and thinking that I had no alternative, but to accept his

exorbitant terms, he just looked in, quite casually, to see whether I had made up my mind. . At a glance, he saw how the land lay, and bolted out with the utmost precipitation.

“Rather sold I take it, eh, Peter!” said I.

The old man gave a sort of faint chuckle. This was the nearest approach to a laugh or smile, I imagine, that it was possible for a dweller in such a scene of desolation to attain to. As we passed the Quain's dwelling, he was busily engaged in shoeing his horse and pretended not to observe us. When the old man got warm and had imbibed a small dram, which I gave him, his pace improved, and he threaded the intricacies of the route with great dexterity. High on one of the mountains we could descry some Lap dwellings, and a great herd of tame deer. All the game we saw were a few ptarmigan and some red-shanks. Peter was a thoroughly respectable old fellow, and possessed of much intelligence. He lamented the scurvy trick of the Quain, and

said that those people are only too much addicted to such proceedings.

“ Oh ! for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless continuity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit
May never reach me more.”

The author of those lines had never visited the swampy wilderness where dwelt the exemplary Quain, who, if not an oppressor, was certainly no Samaritan ; and tolerably full of guile to boot. In due time we began to descend from the high ground.

At Elvkrogen, where two streams take their rise, one of which flows into Balsfjord, and the other into Lyngen, we found the dwelling we were in search of. Isaac Mortenson, and his pretty wife were soon out of bed ; and the latter prepared some coffee, while her white-haired husband went in search of his only pony. Isaac was quite an intelligent person, and very anxious to hear tidings of the war. On my mentioning the Hango massacre, he extracted from a heap of rubbish

in a corner, a sort of Norwegian Gazetteer containing information on all imaginable topics ; and to his great delight succeeded in discovering something about Hango. Dismissing Peter well satisfied with his earnings, I was soon in the saddle. At least, upon the reindeer skin, the best saddle to be had, with my feet in the cord-stirrups. Seven miles of bog, and rock, and river intervened between us and the head of the Lyngen Fjord ; but being accustomed to all sorts of rough riding, I managed to keep my seat.

My destination was a place called Skiboten on the farther side of the fjord, where report said there was a good salmon river. As there was no road on the other side of the fjord, Isaac recommended that we should keep along the southern side, until we came to the house of one Michel, a Lap fisherman, who would convey me across the fjord in his boat. Arriving at Michel's, I dismissed my guide, not doubting that the Fin would put me across for a good guerdon.

After sitting for some time in the Fin's house, till small creatures commenced crawling up my trousers, I urged him to hurry, when he told me he had altered his mind, and declined to go. The fact was, as I afterwards learned, this man had earned a great deal of money this year by taking coal-fish (sei); which have appeared here in unusual abundance. A favourable breeze had sprung up, and Michel determined rather to break his word, than loose the opportunity of catching fish. "Ikke tid" (no time), was his answer to my expostulations. All this side of the fjord, I found, was inhabited by Fins, at the distance of a quarter of a mile apart. At the next cottage the reply was, "Wett' ikke," (don't know), and nothing more could be obtained by way of answer than "Wett' ikke." Two or three other Fins either could not or would not speak Norwegian. Fatigued with my all-night journey, and disgusted at the unaccommodating disposition of the Fins, I wandered hopelessly down the shore of the fjord, laden with my gun, fishing-rod, and

knapsack, under a broiling sun, and the wind at my back.

At last, I entered a cottage some two miles further on, which, I found, to my inexpressible relief, was tenanted by one Ole Johansen, a Norwegian, who was on the point of taking boat for church. This was Saturday, but the church was a great many miles off down the fjord; so he was forced to start the day before. My destination was a long way out of his direct course, but he obligingly promised to take me across. By the aid of an odd little Fin-woman, whose neck was decorated with a profusion of chains and coins, Ole's young wife soon completed her toilette. Two white-headed urchins, his sons, together with a Fin boatman, were also of the party.

Having first taken care to cram every available corner in the boat with stock fish, for sale to the merchant who dwelt near the church—thus killing two birds with one stone—Ole pushed off from the shore. The wind, which was favourable, had by this time

freshened to a gale ; to the terror of a lady, whose roses speedily fled. Nor was I sorry, after an hour's sail, to be safely landed on the northern shore, and sleeping off my fatigues, at the house of Mr. R—, the merchant, buried under a soft coverlet of eider-down.

There is a sort of path up the Skiboten river from this place, which, after crossing some high table-land, joins the Muonio, down which there are boat-stations all the way to Haparanda, at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia. Some Englishmen, the only specimens of that nation that had been seen in these parts, had lately, I was informed, set out by this route. Some of the rapids are very difficult of navigation. As I rode through the forest skirting the stream, I met with abundance of game. Capercailzie and ptarmigan starting up from among the bushes with a loud cry and clattering of wings, agreeably broke the monotonous silence of these uninhabited solitudes. Ducks and geosanders rose, but soon settled again in their

favourite element, shewing but little fear. In one place the forest had been on fire, and the embers were still smoking. Some careless Lap had, no doubt, been the incendiary. Byron makes a great fuss about the grove of blasted pines, which covers the shoulder of the Wengern Alp, on the way towards Brienz. What would he have thought of whole forests of dead trees that the traveller sometimes meets with in Norway and Sweden! Tall pines were scorched, and their green foliage seared into a dingy brown. In a few months they will stand bare and ghastly, like so many skeletons; not worth the cutting down; either for their own sakes or the ground which they cumber. The undergrowth of smaller trees has been utterly consumed.

After riding through these wilds for three or four hours, I came upon some beautiful pools; but it was impossible to fish them properly, owing to the dense mass of trees which lined the banks. At my first cast, nevertheless, I got hold of what appeared to

be a heavy fish. He was only a trout, however ; but nevertheless, he reached from my knee to my heel. I caught several more, nearly as large ; but saw no salmon. Indeed, the water was too low and clear, and the season for salmon fishing here was certainly past. So I did not go to the falls, which are some miles further, and where salmon are said to congregate.

Bears, as usual, abound here. The favourite way of taking them is by means of a rope snare. Bruin is rather an old-fashioned fellow. When he has settled himself in a neighbourhood, he almost always takes the same road in going and returning to his lair. This peculiarity of his is taken advantage of by his enemies. When his track is discovered, a favourable spot is selected, and piles of brushwood heaped on either side for some distance, so that the pathway becomes very narrow. At the narrowest point a noose of rope is suspended about two feet from the ground, which is kept extended by thin

strings placed crosswise. One would fancy, that under the circumstances, the brute's suspicion would be excited, and that he would select some other path. Far from it. On he goes, and walks into the snare with his eyes open. Again, it might be supposed that he would immediately, on finding himself in such a dilemma, cut the Gordian knot, or, in other words, bite the rope in two, and so liberate himself. But no such expedient seems ever to occur to him.

On one occasion, Mr. R— tells me, the news reached him that a bear was caught in a snare. Upon which he started to the spot, not with his rifle, but merely with a fowling-piece. In fact, upon these occasions, there is very little to be done in the way of shooting, as the animal in his struggles draws the fatal cord tighter and tighter, and commits *felo-de-se*. But in this particular instance he happened to be caught by the middle of the body, and not by the neck. A terrible scene presented itself when Mr. R— and the Fins arrived;

so terrible, indeed, that the latter took to their heels at once. • The monster was biting at the trees around, and tearing others up by the roots. But the tree to which the noose was fastened, was too strong for him, and had resisted all his efforts.

The moment he saw his enemies, he gave a terrific rush, which parted one of the strands of the cord. No time was to be lost ; so Mr. R— fired at the creature's head. But as his gun was only loaded with swan shot, little damage was done. Charging his piece again as quickly as possible, and advancing within ten paces of the ferocious brute, he fired and fortunately the shot took effect.

Around Mr. R—'s house there are a number of little wooden booths, which are now all closed. I find that three fairs are held here yearly, viz., in January, March, and November; and these booths are for the convenience of the traders, who come from all parts on those occasions. Merchants arrive from Transö, with breadstuffs and manufactured

articles ; while Swedes, Quains, and Russians come from a great distance, with ptarmigan, skins, and butter for sale.

The only beasts of burden employed are reindeer. By law, each animal ought not to draw more than five “waag,” or about one hundred and ninety pounds English : nor carry more than three “waag ;” but they are often much more heavily loaded. A good deal of business is done. Sixty thousand pounds of butter will sometimes change hands. Ptarmigan sell for a penny each. The price of a reindeer is three dollars, or about fourteen shillings. The Voged, with a posse comitatus of police, and other officers, take the opportunity of attending and holding a “Thing,” or petty sessions. Formerly, the incidents of the fair gave plenty of occupation to the constabulary ; but now, that spirits are forbidden to be sold, rioting and drunkenness are unknown : and the bazaar subsides into stillness at night, undisturbed by the hideous screech of bellicose Laps.

Sir Humphrey Davy says, that English grayling cannot bear brackish water without dying. At all events, this is not the case with their congener, char. Those I had for dinner, had been taken in a net in the salt water of the fjord, not far, however, from the mouth of the river.

Our second course consisted of some excellent pancakes. "Where do you think the flour came from of which those pancakes are made?" asked Mr. R—. "It is real Archangel; and I hope to get some more of the same article this year, when the blockading squadron has left the White Sea."

Mr. R— played on the violin and Jew's harp: which I notice, as musical tastes, as I have elsewhere taken occasion to mention, are much less common in Norway than in Sweden. Mr. R—'s charges were exorbitant: perhaps this might be laid to the score of the music at mess. If so, to use a somewhat vulgar expression, I paid rather dear for my whistle.

Beyond a parrot, now and then, in the house of a merchant, I have never seen anything like a cage-bird here. How different from Germany, where, as is well known, a tame bullfinch, or goldfinch, may be seen hopping about the house, enlivening the inmates with its simple melody.

I remember a striking instance of this. A secluded village in Bavaria had become a prey to the flames. Indeed, no wonder that the inhabitants were burnt out of house and home, for when once they saw the fire blazing, urged on by a high wind, they appeared paralyzed. In vain I, and some cavalry officers, who happened to be quartered in the neighbourhood, formed the poor people in lines down to the brook, for the purpose of handing up water to a small engine, which had at length arrived on the spot from the neighbouring city. As soon as our backs were turned, down dropped the buckets, and the peasants prostrated themselves in prayer on the ground. The result

was that every house in the village was destroyed.

Next day, in walking about the ruins, I espied a poor little tame goldfinch, lingering disconsolately about the site of one of the cottages ; as if it was looking for its customary protectors, and thinking, no doubt, within itself, as birds are in the habit of thinking, what ever could have become of them. Unlike some of your jail-birds, who, on such occasions, break out if they can, and skulk away to their old haunts, this liberated captive would not take advantage of the moment to join his thistle-probing brethren of the spiky bill. Custom had become second nature to him ; and he hopped on to my extended hand with an air of confidence that was quite moving. It would have been cruel to leave him in such a scene of desolation, I thought : so I took him with me, and found for him a new domicile in the house of a German lady, who promised to take care of him. In Norway, the nearest approach to a

domestic bird, is that most dissonant gabbler the magpie, which nobody thinks of interfering with. It would be unlucky to do so. It is to the Norwegian, what the stork is to the Dutchman. So these arrant thieves go gadding about, after their knowing fashion, into the very doorways, pilfering, and chattering, and slanging, like so many fish-wives.

Another haunter about the farm-houses, is that elegant little posture-maker, the red-pole, which congregates in large flocks, close at hand, alike so many sparrows. Indeed, they take the place of those birds up here, and, for a long time, until I observed more narrowly, I was deluded by their similarity of plumage, into fancying they were really of the Passerine family. But it would be unjust to say that the Norwegians have no other domestic winged favourites. Fleas, flies, and mosquitoes are the privileged inmates of every dwelling. Those inhabitants of the Musquito shore, about which the Americans

are making such a fuss, could never have inflicted half the tortures that their name-sakes do ; and they are so numerous, that extermination is almost impossible.

CHAPTER V.

Omasijavre—The Renown of “The Pilgrim’s Progress”
— Sentiment and Practice — Religious Tendencies in
Norway — The Scandinavian Character, Serious and
Reflective—Religious Revivalists—Hans Nielsen Hauge
—Decay of National Customs—Picture, by Tiedemann,
of an Episode in the Life of the Haugianer—A Lap
Encampment—A Refractory Deer—Tent Skeletons—
A Lap Cradle—Change of Air.

TAKING leave of Mr. R—— I was
rowed by two Laps, who could not speak a
word of Norwegian, to the head of the fjord
again. Here was another Elv, called Omasi-
javre, which is larger than the other, and
has every appearance of being a good salmon
river. The foss was a few miles up ; and

●

near it some settlers from the south have recently established themselves. But, as time pressed, I had not an opportunity of making a personal inspection. There is no doubt that, *cæteris paribus*, this is the river I ought to have tried first; the salmon, as a rule, making for the river at the head of the fjord, in preference to turning up any side stream. The pony which I was fortunate enough to hire at this place, swam after our boat, while we crossed the river. The ferryman was a Lap, who dwelt in a hole close by.

Returning to Elv-krogen, I turned to the right, in the direction of the Balsfjord, seven miles distant.

It was long after midnight when we stopped at the house of one John Andreas Bomstad, to whom I had been recommended, in search of sleeping quarters. There was no room for us; but he assured us of accommodation at his sister's, only a short distance beyond. This man, I discovered,

was one of the peasant preachers. As he lay on the bed, with his wife by his side, he commenced, at once, a sort of religious conversation.

"That book," he said, "was written by a great man, Sir," pointing to a volume which lay on the table, "who, like our Hauge, was imprisoned, and suffered persecution for the Gospel's sake." It was John Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress.' "Have you any Haugians in England?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes, we have dissenters, if you mean that; people who preach, without belonging to the Established Church, and have numerous adherents."

"But are they friends with the priest?"

"Not exactly," said I.

"Ah!" replied he, "there is the difference. We go to church like other people, and are on good terms with the clergyman; and yet we have our own religious meetings."

"Religion," he continued, "is much more diffused than it used to be in this country.

That comes partly of the Bibles being cheaper. Not long ago they cost five dollars (about twenty-three shillings) ; now they are to be had for one."

He had been preaching, I found, on the previous Sunday, and at that very Michel's, the Lap who had so churlishly refused to put me across the fjord. This led me to observe that I had no objection to preaching and prayer meetings ; but those who took part in them would do well to act up to their profession, or they might bring the religion they claimed to observe, into discredit. Religious sentiment alone profited nought. My friend made particular inquiries about the Quakers, the news of whose arrival in Tromsö had penetrated to this distant nook.

"They had held an Opbyggelse at the town, through an interpreter," he said, "and a friend of his, who was present, had given him an account of it."

The man seemed quite delighted at the thought of foreigners coming and holding

Opbyggelses in Norway. It may be as well here to say something about this peculiar phase of Norwegian character, the religious tendency. I am aware that a recent writer, Newland, has pronounced that there is no religion in Norway. But it being his object to discountenance all state interference in Church matters, it may easily be imagined that the Lutheran Church of Norway, which, in its origin and present position, is essentially a government affair, finds no favour in his eyes. But national religion and morality, in my opinion, are by no means at so low an ebb in this country as the above writer would have us believe, although, doubtless, as the old clergyman, in his conversation with me, on board the steamer, related elsewhere, observed, there is among many of the peasants more the form than the power of godliness. But is not this true of all nations?

“The Scandinavian,” observes one of their nation, “is in his nature imbued with a serious and reflective turn. This

is the very essence of his character. Can it be otherwise with men who dwell so much in the solitude of the mountains? Men who are daily exposed to the strongest and most terrible powers of nature, who are in continual strife with the rigours of the climate, the barrenness of the soil, and the tempests of a boisterous ocean, which pursues them, as it were, to their very house door. Such people must, if they are Christians, be naturally led to seek for help and comfort in the Gospel promises, and look forward with faith to another life, when hardships and sufferings will no longer have to be endured.

Unlike the frivolous dweller in the city, the Norwegian is not exposed to have his ears poisoned by whispered doubts, the spawn of modern enlightenment. With an instinct as unerring as that which guides the migratory bird in winter to the softer climate of the south, he knows how to find his way to what is right and godly. The great danger

with such people is, lest they should fall into the gloomy excesses of fanaticism. Living as they frequently do, almost beyond the influence of the priest, in consequence of the difficulty and danger of getting to church, they are often led, in the long winter evenings, to ponder over Holy Writ, and interpret it after their own fashion. It is this that has led to the rising up of these self-taught preachers, who, as we have seen, are going about the country.

These religious rivalists are known in Norway by various names, *e. g.*, “Opwachte,” (waked-up-people); “Lesere,” (readers).—But their most common appellation, is Haugianer; after Hans Nielsen Hauge, the son of a peasant, who was born at Thunö, near Frederikstad, in 1771. This man, who was a sort of John Wesley in his way, travelled the whole of Norway from south to north, arousing the people by his discourses and writings. Inward conversion, and the New birth and a corresponding life, were the topics

he chiefly insisted on. Ultimately, however, a good deal of erroneous and fanatic doctrine became mixed up in the teaching of himself and his followers. Contempt of the clergy, and community of goods, were prominently advanced. Excesses ensued in consequence. The sons and daughters of rich peasants left their homes, and placed their property at his disposal.

The clergy of that day, who were filled with rationalistic notions, and were, besides not very partial to any deep religious views, soon retaliated, and got up an agitation against him. The government stepped in, and he was arrested. A royal commission was appointed to examine into the charges against him ; pending which, for the space of nine years, Hauge was kept immured. At last sentence was pronounced. He was condemned to hard labour for two years, and all the costs. Hauge appealed to the higher courts, and with some success ; as his

punishment was commuted into a fine of a thousand rix-dollars.

Shattered in health, and ruined in fortune, he left his prison, finding some consolation, however, for his sufferings, in the affectionate sympathy and respect of the mass of the people. Moreover, in the furnace of affliction his mind had become purified of the spiritual self-conceit and morbid fanaticism which threw a shadow on his early teaching. From having been a fiery and intemperate "Rouser," he became a sober and discreet monitor, curbing, by his influence, the excitement of his followers, until his death, which took place at his farm Bredvedt, near Christiania, in 1824.

Abandoning their missionary life, his disciples settled down quietly to sober pursuits, and attached themselves to the national church. The behaviour of these people is generally quiet and inoffensive, but they are still remarkable for their dark views of life.

As a Norwegian traveller, I cannot forgive them one thing. Like the Puritans in our own country, whatever some writers may argue to the contrary, wherever these people have appeared, they have put to flight national customs. The merry festivals that flourished so green and gay, in the remotest valleys of the country, have been blasted and withered under the hot breath of their displeasure. Dancing and other innocent amusements, are regarded by them as sinful, or devices of the Evil One. An amusing anecdote is told of a parson, in the neighbourhood of Tonscøt, who suddenly found himself regarded with great distrust and repugnance by his parishioners. What could it be ! His infant son had been seen dancing on a rocking-horse !

Those who have visited the gallery of the Academy at Düsseldorf, will remember to have seen there a remarkable picture by Tiedemann. This is an episode in the life of these Haugianer. A wandering preacher has arrived at one of those old cottages in the

Hardanger district, where the smoke escapes through a hole in the roof, (Ljaaren). The inmates of the cottage, with many others of both sexes are grouped round the preacher, who stands on a chair, with a magic light shed upon his brow from the sky above. We may well conceive the miraculous effect which his words seem to exercise on his hearers. On the deeply-marked features of some stalwart peasants who are listening to the discourse, is stamped an expression of stern enthusiasm. The old Covenanters again to the life—whilst the countenances of some of the younger part of the audience are softened into looks of mild and gentle devotion. The sick are listening attentively to the consolation of eternal life, and the child is dozing in unconscious innocence.

I ultimately found sleeping quarters at the house of this man's sister, Hannah Elizabeth Johannes; who soon got up and made me a bed on the floor of the weaving-room. When I awoke, after some hours' repose, my eyes lit on

a tall thin, pale-faced man, who stood over my bed. The length of his countenance contrasted with the broad good-humoured face of Isaac, my entertainer of the day before, would have been the very means an old Egyptian picture-writer would have taken to represent the geographical terms longitude and latitude.

The news had travelled of my arrival, and this man who was also a preacher, came to have a look at me. The father of Lars Andreas Beck had been imprisoned for several years in England, and could speak our language ; but he was now dead.

Two bears have lately been killed near here. They had been levying black-mail in the shape of cows, and were caught in the fact. The skin of the largest sold for nine dollars.

From hence, I started in a boat to cross over the head of the Balsfjord ; but a gale coming on, which blew right in our teeth, I must fain land, and walk round the bay as well as I could. It was fortunate that I did so, as I

came upon an interesting sight, a Lap encampment. They were on the point of decamping as we arrived. Seventy reindeer, fastened in gangs of six or seven, were standing around, some of them already loaded.

On the back of each was an extra skin, and over this were hung two wooden packages, balancing each other ; in shape and material resembling an oval band-box, two and a half feet long, with its top and bottom knocked out. These were crammed with all sorts of " notions," such as iron pots, copper kettles, clothing ; secured at each end by a net-work of reindeer skin thongs. To give additional security to the burden, one strap ran round the deer's chest, and another round his hind-quarters ; which I should have imagined would have impeded the free motion of the limbs.

One deer was refractory ; several times he attempted to shake off the burden, and not succeeding in this, fell prostrate. This manœuvre he repeated at least a dozen times. An ou-

rangoutang-looking Lap was holding him by a strap of ten feet in length: and each time that the deer cast himself down, he shook this violently, at the same time letting it hang loose, by which means the animal's "innocent nose," down which, however, I saw no tears coursing each other "in piteous chase," received some tremendous thwacks. Up got the deer upon this, and running a few steps plunged, and fell down again. The contest was still undecided, when I pursued my journey; the Lap's eyes gleaming like live coals, and his tongue hard agog, chattering gibberish at the deer; which certainly excelled in obstinacy the most mulish mule I ever saw. My guide informed me that it was a young deer, not yet properly broken, and that they invariably play pranks of this sort, till they have gone through the due course of training. The Lap Chiffney, no doubt, tired the brute out at last.

The camp fires were still burning, although the rain was pouring down in torrents, and

the tent-cloths had been removed. The skeletons of the tents (koie), which the traveller so often meets with in the woods and mountains of Lapland, were left standing. They are pyramidical in shape, and are composed of thirty or forty roughly dressed birch poles inclining to a point, with the thicker ends embedded firmly in the ground. Suspended from one of these birch poles by a thong, which was fastened to either end of it, was a Lap cradle (komse), about one and a half feet long, which an urchin was rocking vigorously. This quaint receptacle is composed of very thin plates of birch-wood, or birch-bark, and covered with fine reindeer skin. The inside is lined with the finest reindeer-calf fur, and a layer of the softest moss. The rain pattered and splashed upon the outside of the ark, and a shrill squalling proceeded from within. Lifting up the corner of a cloth, I discovered the round visage of a rosy-cheeked baby, tucked into the vessel—a very tight fit indeed. The old pictures of Moses as discovered by

Pharoah's daughter in the bull-rushes rose to my mind. The child and the cradle looked remarkably neat and clean ; but if report say true the adult Laps exceed even the Norwegians in want of cleanliness. They are even practically acquainted with the saying of Mr. Justice Shallow, " The dozen louses do become an old coat well." Especially if that coat be of reindeer skin.

Much of the baggage was lying about in supreme disorder ; and a little blind puppy was crawling helplessly about, complaining loudly of his discomforts. While sundry adult specimens of the canine genus, with foxy-looking faces, and grey or yellow coats, were barking in concert. The Laps keep an astonishing quantity of these animals. Without them they would never be able to retain the deer, which stand in much awe of these fierce little warders. Their wonderful instinct is said to surpass even that of the Highland colley.

•

During the night, the deer are frequently placed within a kind of fold made of small trees cut down with their branches on. In winter when these animals subsist on moss, they often have to dig down so deep in the snow, that they are almost entirely buried. These Laps are now moving, as is usual at the approach of autumn, towards the Swedish fjeld ; having spent their summer on the Norwegian mountains near the sea. It is said that the reindeer require the change of air as much as English ladies at the season of sea-bathing.

The antelopes of Africa, which migrate in vast quantities at certain seasons of the year, are supposed to do so either from want of water, or to avoid the flies, or for both reasons. Something similar is doubtless the case with the reindeer.

One fly torments them horribly, burying its eggs in their back, which grow into a grub nearly an inch in length. These the

•

deer will sometimes get rid of by a violent shake ; when they fall like so many ripe cherries from a tree.

If the Laps are dilatory in moving coastward as summer advances ; the deer, I am told, will not feed, but continually keep tossing their heads aloft, and looking towards the sea, the sight of which they, no doubt, hail with as much delight as the remains of Xenophon's ten thousand Greeks did from the mountains behind Trebizonde. The Laps jabbered a good deal in their own tongue ; but the only word I could make out was “ England ; ” and as they could not speak a word of Norsk, I speedily took leave of them.

CHAPTER VI.

The Sagwand—Good Fishing—A Bit of Norwegian Life
—A Fisherman's Cot—A Pilot—Desolate Woodland—
Uses of Birch Bark—An Unsatisfactory Companion—
The Shame of being Unconfirmed—The Herb Angelica
—The Valley of the Mons at Ulsberg—Tromsö—
Momentous Questions—The English Traitor—Lud-
wigsen's Hotel—The Ice-bear—Walrus Hunting—
Spitzbergen—Laws respecting Dogs—Ideas prevalent in
the Cambridge Fens respecting Dog-bites.

IN due time, I arrived at a lake called the Sagwand, and succeeded in hiring a boat to cross it. There were some large fish in it, the man told me, but nobody could ever catch them.

“Were they trout?” I inquired.

“No; they are ‘lax,’” (salmon) was the answer.

I felt convinced that this could not be the case, as there was no stream that a salmon could possibly get up between this lake and the sea. Before long, I had hold of a good fish, which had taken my tail-fly, a rough, gray-coloured one. After a severe struggle, I captured him. It was a beautiful trout, nearly three pounds.

“No trout, eh?” said I, “what do you call that?”

“A lax,” replied the boatman, doggedly. Will it be believed, that these people, actually, had never heard of “örret,” the Norwegian for a trout?

As we proceeded, I caught a few more, but of less size. We landed on the other side of the lake, near a small cottage, recently erected, on a rocky mound in the midst of a sort of chatmoss, abounding with multeberries, many of which, although not yet ripe, were spoiled by the premature frosts. Here dwelt a tall, handsome young fellow, who was clad in boatman’s costume;

viz: glazed hat, striped woollen Jersey, and what a German student would call "Kanonen Stiefeln," i. e., jack-boots.

"What on earth," I inquired, "do you live in such a place as this for?"

"Oh! this bit of land belongs to me; I bought it of my brother, a peasant close by, who owns miles hereabout, and so I thought I would build a cottage, as I have not long married, and my wife must live somewhere. Of course I can't make a living here. Fishing is my trade. I was at the Luffodens in the winter, and did pretty well. Since then I have followed the cod along the coast. We were up near the Tana, and made a very good thing of it; about one hundred dollars a man. Besides cod, we caught some 'kielne,' " (a kind of shark.)

Most likely the Greenland shark, or *Squalus Norwegianus* of Blainville.

"That is the fellow for oil," continued he, with lively looks. "A good-sized fish

will yield three casks of oil containing three ankers each, and we mix it all up together."

Listen to this, ye British consumers of "Genuine Cod-liver Oil."

"Only think, papa, how frightful!" says Miss Julia. "Then some of that oil we get in sealed bottles from Mr. Strychnine, the chemist, may after all, have come from that odious monster, the shark; who swallows cannon-balls, or poor middies, just as it happens."

"But remember, Miss Julia, that even cod-fish are not over nice in their diet. It was not long since one was caught in Scotland, with a silver plated spur in his stomach. And why object to shark-liver oil? It is the carbon you want. The fuel, in short, to keep up the fire of the human frame. And there is, no doubt, just as much of this ingredient in the one oil as the other."

The cottage, which was not yet finished, was rather bare of furniture. The wife, a jolly-looking dame, whose face was per-

petually on a broad grin, shewing teeth which the finest lady in the land would envy, put her first-born and only baby into the arms of her big husband, lit a fire, cooked the fish, and boiled some coffee with charming good will and alacrity. She was, it is true, not so refined, perhaps, as she might have been. Her dress was somewhat in *déshabille*. And after stirring up the barley-sugar in the coffee-cup with a large wooden spoon, she licked the same; after which, she employed it in ladling out some cream. But does not your French cook, when he is preparing *milor's* soup, do something of the kind a dozen times over? When my cup was nearly empty, the motherly creature drank off the dregs, and refilled it for me.

Andreas was, upon the whole, a decidedly sharp fellow; thus corroborating an observation that I have often made, that the men engaged in the fishery along the coast, are much more knowing and fertile in expe-

dients than those who stay buried in their valleys, tilling the ground, and tending cattle. After a delay of some hours, he succeeded in procuring for me a guide, or "lotz," *i. e.*, pilot, as these nautical people term that functionary ; which, I learnt, was indispensable on the route I was about to take, where there was no path or next to none. The "lotz" was a most stolid looking boy, of bulky, clumsy build. After filling his stomach, he grunted out that he was ready.

My mind misgave me, as we started ; for the fellow seemed only half-witted ; and I did not relish being lost on the mountains, in company with a natural. But the good people assured me he was all right, and that it was a case of Hobson's choice for me ; (I forget the Norwegian for that ;) nobody else being procurable.

So at ten o'clock, P.M., we started. Skirting a brawling brook, we soon began to ascend. Never slackening his pace for an instant, the guide struck swiftly onward,

tracking his way with the instinct of a dog, through morasses, and across water-courses, and then through a pathless wood of tall birch trees. The only sign of man having penetrated hither, was to be seen on the birch trees, which, in parts had been stripped of bands of bark, leaving red scars on the stems, reminding me of the cork trees in France and Spain.

As I have before observed, the birch-bark is useful in an infinity of ways. The saccharine juice makes it invaluable in lighting a fire. And from its antiseptic qualities, it is found the best covering for a roof imaginable. The way of procuring it, is to score straight down the tree, in the spring-time, with a knife, for a distance of some two feet, and then to peel off the bark for that length. When the sap is rising, it comes away without trouble. The separate pieces are then unrolled, and spread out flat, one upon another, and placed in water, with heavy stones over them. After a short

time of immersion, they will retain this flat shape, and are ready for use. The operation of barking, if performed with care, does not damage the tree; and a fresh coating of bark comes after a few years. But the peasants, with their usual carelessness, not unfrequently strike the knife in too deep, and kill the tree: destroying the goose that lays the golden eggs.

As we mounted higher and higher, the lad still strode on, answering my inquiries in monosyllables. The air was frosty, so I felt no inconvenience at the rate of walking. The “senne” grass on the upland mosses I found, was caked with ice, which rendered the grass slippery.

At last we came to a deep and very narrow ravine, enclosed by steep rocky banks. Gurgling at the bottom of it was an impetuous torrent, which we had to cross by bounding across it, just above a fall of several feet in descent. Here Knuth, *i. e.*, Canute that was my guide's name, who seemed to think

of nothing else but going as hard as he could, slipped, and rolled head over heels down the slope. A projecting rock saved him from falling into the torrent, or he must have been carried down into the hole, and into the rapids, and have been battered to pieces. As it was, all the wind was knocked out of him. After a time he continued his journey, but hanging behind as much as he before seemed anxious to go ahead. What can be the matter with this fellow, thought I.

"Well, Knuth, how long is it since you left school?" I commenced.

"Some years," he replied, wincing.

"How old are you?"

"Eighteen."

"Then you have been confirmed?" At this question the fellow cast down his eyes with every symptom of shame.

"No, I haven't," he at last replied. "I went before the priest last autumn, but did not get through (slap ikke). I am to try again this autumn, and the schoolmaster is teaching

me. The priest lives twenty miles off, so I can't always go to him.”

Here, then, was this poor fellow's secret. By nature he was not blessed with a great amount of brains, and his mishap had quite affected his spirits. For, be it remembered, that in this country to be unconfirmed is to be fit for nothing. A servant unconfirmed is much the same thing as a servant without a character, as they cannot obtain a place except at reduced wages.

As we walked along, traces of Laplanders occurred. This, the guide told me, was one of their most favourite places of resort. Several skeletons of their abodes were to be seen. From one, the tent cloth had not been removed, and bundles of skins were placed on a rude shelf; but the proprietors were invisible. Bundles of “ Quam ” grass, the herb *angelica*, were hung to dry on the birch trees. It is considered a delicacy by the Laplanders; and it is found growing in considerable quantities in these latitudes at a high

elevation. The strawberry, that hardy plant, which grows and ripens on the spurs of the Himalaya, at a height of 7000 feet, I have never seen here at any great altitude, though it grows still more north than this. Raspberries, however, and bilberries, are often found high up the mountains.

After a fatiguing walk of some hours, we came upon cow tracks, and at length descended to the valley of the Mons, at Ulsberg, close to a picturesque saw-mill, on a mountain stream, which here joins the main river. Mr. Ulsberg was anxious for a salmon fly. I complied with his request, though it was quite contrary to my principles so to do, on condition of his giving me a mount on his own pony, as I was several miles from home.

The river had rapidly decreased in volume, owing to the north wind, whose icy breath had chilled the melting snows, and "stopped the supplies." It is true that I caught a twenty-pounder, at a new run which I discovered some distance below the falls, but

the best of the season was gone; so we determined to leave by the next steamer for the south.

In a previous summer, I went on to Tromsö and round the North Cape; and perhaps some of my readers will not be disinclined to skim over some notes I made on that occasion. Tromsö is a busy little town, situated, as the last syllable implies, on an island. To a stranger, it wears a more lively look than Trondjem. The people claim, I hear, to be in advance of the old northern capital in point of intelligence. The "Illustrated London News" is taken by two or three of the merchants; the price of postage for a newspaper being five skillings, or about two pence sterling. Mr. Holst, the British Vice-Consul, is conspicuous for his attention to British travellers. He is the owner of the valley over the Sound, where a camp of show-Laplanders are to be seen. Nothing can exceed the kindness with which he attended to our wants. We were then bent on exploring

the Paswig, in Lapland, the frontier river between Norway and Russia; and, through Mr. Holst's endeavours, we at last discovered an individual who had once seen it. Like all these rivers, it no doubt abounded with salmon; the fish being emphatically at home in these regions. But the question was, did it present facilities for fly-fishing? Was there a fall near the mouth, as in that splendid river, the Glommen, in the south of Norway, preventing the fish from getting up? Were there pools and streams at intervals? or was it but a swift torrent, where you might as well think of stopping the career of a salmon as of holding with a halter "a stump-tailed bull in fly-time," as Sam Slick would say. On the map, certainly it looked very promising: long and broken, at intervals, by lakes.

But the testimony of an eye-witness, if he knew anything about it, was worth all the maps in the world. The man asseverated that there were deep pools and runs alternately, and we were delighted at the prospect.

He thought salmon would take the fly in it ; but did not say why. But I should no more think of taking the opinion of a Norwegian on a matter of fly-fishing, than I would of a London tailor on the summer residence of the grey goose, or a Thames waterman on the temperature of the Gulf-stream. One Mr. Hutchinson, an Englishman, resident at Drammen, has been so injudicious as to write a book, entitled, " Flue-fiskeriet,"—fly-fishing,—for the instruction of Norwegians in the art. But, I am thankful to say, that, with the exception of a few peasants, proprietors of water, the majority of the people are in the dark upon the secrets of the gentle craft.

Before leaving Tromsö, I took the precaution of having a mosquito curtain made ; while one of our party, who had been in Canada, and rejoiced in the possession of a skin of hog's lard, thought that this would be quite a sufficient protection against these pestering insects.

Mr. Ludwigsen's Hotel was by no means uncomfortable. The billiard-room, with its crowd of smokers, drinking coffee or Bayersk öl, translated me in thought to the interior of some German Kaffeehaus. Captain Ludwigsen, who speaks English, and has been in the Spitzbergen trade, told us a good deal of the sporting capabilities of that island. His accounts of the quantity of white bears, walrusses, and reindeer, set us about planning an expedition thither in the following year. The reindeer are much smaller than those of Norway, but extremely fat, and very tame.

From all accounts, I find it is quite a mistake to suppose the ice bear so formidable. His black brother of the continent is considered up here to be a much more terrible adversary. From all I can learn in this country (and these people ought to know something about it), the "hugging" of the black bear is a pure myth. He leaves that to the boa-constrictor. His method is to strike at his assailant with the paw. He generally

manages to catch the top of the head, and with his claws skins the face from the very scalp to the chin. As we travelled in the steamer, I read a newspaper account of a catastrophe of this kind. The poor victim who was horribly mutilated, had been pensioned by the king. The only danger in walrus hunting is when the young ones are injured. In that case, the mother endeavours to upset the boat. This year, some Norwegian sailors captured a young walrus' cub, and brought it to Tromsö. It was so tame that it would jump out of the vessel after food, like a Newfoundland dog, and return on a signal.

Our projected Spitzbergen trip never became a *fait accompli*. Some English gentlemen have actually made an excursion thither this summer. But it was a very unfavourable year for such an expedition, in consequence of the lateness of the spring. One vessel, I see by the papers, has been crushed by an iceberg, in endeavouring to approach the inhospitable

coast. The aforesaid Englishmen killed a great many deer. Somebody on board the steamer said they found them so tame, that they had nothing to do but to lie down and tie a red kerchief to their toe, kicking the same aloft, when the deer came to see what was the matter, and were shot. The truth of this statement I will not vouch for. Nevertheless, it is in some measure borne out by the curious account of a traveller in that country about two hundred years ago—Martens. He says of the reindeer: "When they see men, they run away; if you stand still, they stand still also; then you must immediately fire, if you have a mind to hit them."

A good deal of oil is exported from this place to Holland and Altona; while large quantities of Russian rye-meal, rope, and sail-cloth, are imported from the ports of Russia situated to the east of Varager Fjord. Hammerfest carries on a similar traffic. The latter place is also the chief seat of the Spitzbergen trade. Denmark supplies this country with about

two-thirds of all the corn imported. But this portion of Norway usually, in times of peace, derives all its foreign bread-stuffs from Archangel and the small Russian ports in the White Sea.

While in Tromsö I had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the absurd laws respecting dogs. They seem based upon a superstition similar to that which once prevailed in our country, that if a person is bitten by a dog, and the animal is destroyed quickly, he cannot possibly be seized with hydrophobia. An Englishman of our acquaintance was invited to a pic-nic, to which he went accompanied by his dog. A merchant of Tromsö, who was also of the party, began caressing the animal, when not liking the intrusion of an utter stranger, the dog gave him a hint to make himself scarce, by giving him a slight nip in the leg. Upon this, the merchant was greatly enraged ; so much so, that he appeared to have gone mad on the instant. Nothing would appease his ire, but the exe-

cution of the poor brute, whom his own fondling had got into trouble. What you may call killing with kindness. The owner of the dog, resisting the attempt to put his favourite to death, a regular warrant was made out for the arrest and execution of the culprit.

Just as the steamer was about to start with the Englishman and his dog on board, the magistrate came on board, accompanied by the constables, and insisted that the animal should be handed over to the officers of justice, in order that he might undergo the extreme penalty of the law. Determined to stand by his dumb companion, the Englishman delayed his journey. Upon investigation, it turned out that the bite was nothing more than a bruise, and by the intervention of another Englishman resident in Norway, the sentence was at last commuted into a short imprisonment, to be undergone by the dog, and a fine to be paid by the owner.

This was sufficiently ludicrous ; though equally ludicrous transactions connected with dog-bites have not unfrequently occurred in our own country. Gunning, in his Cambridge Reminiscences, relates that it was a popular idea in the fens, that when a person had been bitten by a mad-dog, and symptoms of the infection shewed themselves, the friends of the suffering party were quite justified in smothering the patient between two feather beds. The judge of Assize, who was asked his opinion of the legality of such a proceeding, said that whoever did this would be guilty of wilful murder. Generally speaking, however, I should say that dogs are a favoured race in Norway, always excepting one who chances to bite.

If a sporting dog happens to be punished for bad behaviour in the field, they look upon the castigation with perfect horror, and intercede most piteously for the animal.

I was somewhat astonished, while present at a Sunday service at a church in Surendal, at

seeing a heavy old pointer of the Danish breed, sitting on his haunches in the chancel during the sermon, and, by his imperturbable gravity, setting a laudable example to the rest of the congregation.

CHAPTER VII.

The "Gyller" — Tame Whales — The Author's Fellow-passengers — An antiquated Beau — A Hamburg Senator — An Adventure in a Storm — A Danish Magnifico — The Man who had shot a Bear — Impluvium — La Chasse — A Classical Joke — A Pointer sold in Regent Street — A Candid Opinion — Republican reverence for titles — The Danish Count's History — A Romantic Story.

THE dampskib which conveyed us northward from Tromsö was the "Gyller;" although, as the steamer from Bergen went on to Hammerfest, we might have gone by her to that place. The "Gyller" was a screw, and rolled very heavily in a sea-way; her captain, Mr. —, who spoke English well, we found anything but polite; forming in this respect an unpleasant contrast to the other gentlemen

on these ships, who are almost invariably naval officers, and extremely courteous.

As the ship was weighing anchor, it was amusing to witness the gambols of two whales which kept rising to the surface and spirting out jets of spray within pistol shot of where we lay. This is the courting season, when they seem to throw off all fear of man. At these times, it sometimes happens, that if a boat should happen to cross their path, they will attack it with the greatest fury. As for themselves, they enjoy complete immunity from molestation, owing partly, I heard, to the popular notion, which I have before alluded to, that these monsters drive the other fish towards the shore.

As we coast along it, perhaps it will not be out of place to give some account of our fellow-passengers. Among the rest, there were three Germans, all of them like ourselves travelling for recreation. To the first, a professor from Austria, the voyage seemed anything but pleasurable. He was wrapped

in his inseparable "mantle," at all hours, and complained much of the cold. To tell the truth, it is somewhat chilly at night now, although the sun is staring at us without intermission. The second German was a Kammerherr, or Chamberlain, from the court of some petty German prince. He occupied his time in sketching the fleeting views, and simpering with the ladies. In the last capacity, owing no doubt to his profession as Kammerherr, he was very expert.

He was a lean and antiquated sort of old beau, and finiking in his manners, and with an air of good-natured patronage about him, which gave mortal offence to a compatriot of his on board. This was a boiled-lobster faced full-blooded gentleman of middle age, and blunt and bold demeanour, formerly, I understood, a Hamburg senator. The namby-pambiness of the Kammerherr was evidently wormwood to him. His appetite was

enormous ; and his passion for lobsters (hummer), especially, provoked the mirth of an Englishman on board, who nicknamed him “ hummer,” in consequence. ‘ Hummer,’ as we will call him, generally sat down to breakfast before us ; and always contrived to leave the breakfast table before the rest of the passengers had sat down, for the purpose of seeing some striking scenery, or other remarkable object, which he said we were passing. When the meal was nearly ended, he would come in again, and begin breakfast as if he were only just out of bed, and that was his first appearance.

He had been a great traveller, and told several anecdotes. I remember one of them. He was crossing the Black Sea from Trebizonde to Constantinople ; among the passengers were a young Circassian and her gouvernante—an old black woman. The younger lady, as may be supposed, was invisible. A fearful storm arose ; when the duenna came

to the German with a message from her mistress, entreating him to allay the storm ; a case of Miranda and Prospero.

“ My Father, if by thine art thou hast set the wild waves in this roar, I pray Thee still them.”

Prospero, or Hummer, said that he could and would ; but it must be on one condition, that he had an interview with the young lady. This request was conceded. He found her supremely beautiful. He concluded by saying, that shortly after, as good luck would have it, the storm did cease ; so that his reputation as an enchanter, was complete.

As we advanced nearer to the North Cape, passing along that most bleak and desolate coast, Hummer exclaimed :

“ This is just as it should be. It is all quite in character. By the time Nature arrived at this Ultima Thule, her creative powers were all but exhausted, and lo ! the

result. It would have been preposterous to expect grass and trees in these latitudes."

But, however, philosophically he might be inclined to explain or regard the barrenness of the rocks and headlands, and the utter want of trees and herbage, in many places, he was by no means disposed to look on a want of provisions with equal equanimity. First the supply of lobsters failed. Then the fresh meat and milk began to run short.

"Bad look out this, Sir," exclaimed the humorous Englishman, "no lobsters, no milk; what will become of us?"

Hummer saw that the other was poking fun at him, and upon the above observation being repeated next morning at breakfast, grew positively sulky.

"I bet you a dollar," said the Englishman to me, "that you dare not mention lobsters to that German again. He will infallibly call you out if you do."

"Done," said I.

Presently, assuming my blandest air, I ad-

dressed the German in his vernacular, and at last dextrously leading the conversation to the subject of the impending famine, lamented to him the total absence of “ Hummer.” For a moment, his fiery eye looked at me suspiciously from under his shaggy eyebrows, as if he saw through the collusion ; and then, detecting nothing in my countenance to justify the suspicion, he replied with a deep sigh,

“ Leider, es ist wahr !—Unfortunately, it is true !”

But the most amusing character on board remains to be noticed. He was a portly man, under fifty years of age. His face, which was decorated with large grey mustachios, had been eminently handsome, but had, apparently, become bloated by intemperance. Around his waist was a belt, on which hung a case containing a *couteau-de-chasse*, ornamented with rich silver mountings. Presently, his servant brought him a costly fur cloak, and a meerschaum pipe, and retired

with a profound obeisance. This must, thought I, be a Magnifico of the first water.

“ Who is that ?” I inquired of one of the passengers.

“ That is the celebrated Danish Count R. Did you never hear of him before. He comes regularly to Norway every year for the purpose of shooting bears.”

“ And did he ever shoot any ?”

“ He claims to have shot one ; but the report is that he was hoaxed by the peasants, who placed a dead bear in the thicket, and persuaded him that he had shot it. But ask him ; he will tell you all about it.”

Before long, the Count having discovered that I was an Englishman, came up with the air of a nabob, whiffing away at his superb pipe, which he took care to hold with the right hand, which blazed with rings.

“ Sare,” began he, throwing back his cloak, so as to exhibit the “ lustre rare” of his chains and other decorations to the fullest effect. “ I understand you are an Englishman.”

I assented.

“ And you ? ”

“ I am a Dane. But I talk English you see. I have been in England. I have read Bulvare. I have read ‘ Ernest Maltravers. ’ I have shot a bear. I am not a liar. ”

I was somewhat overpowered by this address ; but bowed a polite acquiescence. He then continued :

“ I have eight titles. There is my card, sare. You see I am Ph. Dr. Doctor of Philosophy. I am a Danish Count. I am member of the Literary Society of Copenhagen. I am Jägermeister and Kammerherr to the King of Denmark. I am— ”

I forget what the fag-end of his string of titles was.

“ When I shot the bear, I presented its skin to His Majesty, kneeling on my knees ; who was graciously pleased to receive it. But what part of England are you from ? London I suppose. ”

Reader, did you ever meet a foreigner who

did not imagine, or, at all events, pretended to imagine, for politeness' sake, that you were from London ?

" I ask your pardon, Sir," I replied. " I am from Oxford."

" Oh ! ah ! Learned University ! *Loqueris Latinè domine ?*"

Finding that I was not incapable of conversing with him in that language, he began at once to parade his knowledge of it, which, sooth to say, was by no means contemptible.

" Horatius, Sare. Fine poet. I am very fond of him. Such *curiosa felicitas* of expression. I have travelled everywhere," he said, " but I take things very easily—follow Horatius' maxim :

" Nil admirari prope res est und Numicî
Solaque quæ possit facere et servare beatos."

" What vulgar fellows these Norwegians are.

" Odi profanum vulgus et arceo."

“Apropos, I have been puzzling all those stupid Norwegian parsons on board. They have been at the University, and they understand Latin, they said; so I asked them the meaning of *impluvium*. Not one of them knew it. Ha! ha! ha! Of course you know.”

“Well, I think I do. It was the tank in the interior of a Roman house, surrounded by arcades, from the roofs of which the rain-water poured into it.”

“Right! right! You are a Latin scholar, Sare. Permit me to shake you by the hand. Oxford is a great University; but that of Copenhagen is no less distinguished. It was there I took my Ph.Dr. I am prouder of that than of all my other titles. Have you taken your gradus?”

“Yes! I am an M.A. But Oxford men do not put those things on their cards.”

The Count, “Greven,” as the Norwegians phrased it, now literally seized me by the button, and I was compelled to listen to his yarns, of which he, of course, was the hero.

The humorous Englishman, who had baited the amiable "Hummer," had joined us while the Count was rattling on in this braggadocio vein. There was a twinkle in his eye which indicated mischief, I thought. The Count had by this time mounted his hobby again. His bear-hunting exploits were the theme of his eloquence. He had heard there were many bears northward, so he was going thither to shew the poor Norwegians how to hunt those animals.

"*La chasse, la chasse*, Sare, it is a noble employment. It is superior to every thing else. What does Horatius say ?

"Manet sub Jove frigido
Venator teneræ conjugis immemor
Seu visa est catulis cerva fidelibus
Seu rupit teretes Marsus aper plagas."

"Very apt quotation," interposed my mischief-brewing friend. "Dangerous seas, these, Count," he went on looking at some rocks to sea-ward, from the base of which

there ascended, every now and then, a jet of foam nearly as high as the fountains at Versailles. "You remember that quotation don't you ?

"Patres conscripti took a boat and sailed to Philippi.
Trumpeter unus erat cotum qui scarlet habebat,
Et breeches purpureos, with a trumpet as long as my elbow
Cum longo periwig, tied on with the tail of a dead pig.
Ventus surgebat, et botum overturnebat.
Omnes drounderunt qui swim away non potuerunt."

As he repeated this sublime effusion with much emphasis, taking care to speak the Latin words more distinctly than the dog-Latin; the Count who listened with great attention, evidently became puzzled, as well he might. But he put a good face on it, and said,

"Noble passage, indeed! I don't remember to have heard it before; but your pronon-ci-a-ci-on is so different from mine. Very well! never mind!"

I should here say that these four English words, "Very well, never mind," were con-

stantly in his mouth. He seemed to think that there was some peculiar wit in them.

“Have you seen my dog,” exclaimed the Count. “First-rate animal. I bought him in Regent Street, from a man who was leading him in a string. He is a, what you call it? pointerre.”

I thought that a—“pointerre,” sold in Regent Street to a Danish Count, must be an animal worth seeing. So we went forward to the fore part of the vessel, where all our dogs were kept. The Count’s dog was a rough-haired red dog, apparently a mongrel between an Irish setter and a pointer.

“Here he is, Sare!—

“Qualis aut Molossus aut fulvus Lacon
Agam per altas aure sublata nives
Quæcunque præcedet fera.”

he spouted in grandiloquent tones.

“But you are not going to use him to catch wild beasts, surely?”

“No, no! of course not,” he answered a

little testily, "I was only quoting Horatius on dogs. He is a pointerre, I shall use him on the Fugel-jagd, the rype you know. How do you call it in English?"

"Ptarmigan," I replied.

"Oh, ah! How you spell that word?"

I spelt it for him.

"Very difficult language that English. What an odd pronon-ci-a-ci-on."

At a later period of the voyage, I found the Count in hot dispute with the humorous Englishman, on the merits of his dog.

"I tell you, Sare, it must be a good dog. I paid seven guineas for it in London. Yes, Sare, in Regent Street. It is very well known that Regent Street is the best place for buying them. It is a thorough-bred pointerre, and will point at the charlatan; I mean the tarlatan. No better dog in the world. Very well! Never mind! Now what is you opinion about him."

"Well, Sir, if you ask me my candid

opinion," replied the Englishman, "I should say the dog is a mongrel."

"A what, Sare?"

"I mean he is not what the French call *pur sang*. He may be a good dog, but he is not thorough-bred. Compare him with those English dogs on board. You will soon see the difference. They are thorough-bred. Why! his tail is as thick as my wrist"—

"What, Sare," reiterated the Count in a foaming fury, "I am a Danish Count, Sare, and a sportsman. As if I did not know better than you!"

"*Perfide Albion*," he went on: here another gentleman interposed to pacify him; but he never forgave the strictures on his pointerre. He was overheard more than once, muttering to himself, "Bought in Regent Street—thorough-bred—*perfide Albion*; very well—never mind." A good deal of this excitement was attributable to the bottle; by seven o'clock in the morning, he was drinking port wine. At dinner, he always commenced with

champagne. As there are no nobility in Norway, he was the object of universal attention.

Norway, as is well known, is nearly a republic. Still, like all republicans, they are evidently very fond of titles ; and pay great respect to a piece of ribband. For convenience sake, I used to wear a little bone dog-whistle, fastened to my button-hole. Not unfrequently I have seen Norwegians of various grades, looking at the said instrument with curious eyes ; and at last they would inquire whether that was not an order.

A real live Grev ! The news spread like wildfire through the vessel. The Count's servant, no doubt, taking care to proclaim the greatness of his master ; and his master strutting about on the poop, like a peacock, for the benefit of the staring peasants. The restaurateur, who, probably, seldom met with such good customers, showed him especial attention.

Subsequently, I heard that the Count,

while under vinous influence, had fallen down into the machinery of one of the steamers, and was all but killed. He escaped with a hole in the head, which, I fear, will not improve his reputation for common sense. He belongs to one of the first families in Denmark. Formerly, I believe, he was very wealthy ; but he has now got through a good deal of his property. Still, he spends quite enough penge (money) in Norway, to astonish the natives, and make them desire his company. Naturally, he is a man of considerable ability, and no mean attainments, as a scholar ; but ever since he was seized with the monomania for killing bears, which he is always searching for, but never meeting, he appears to have gone to the dogs. In one of the Christiania newspapers, I read an article to the effect, that one part of the country had lately been infested with bears to a great extent ; and as the redoubtable Grev was known to be in the country, it was hoped, by the inhabitants of that district, that he

would go thither, and give proofs of his powers, *i. e.* spend his dollars among them.

Among the passengers, there was a young lady dressed in black, of elegant manners, and good appearance. Hers was rather a romantic history. She was the daughter of Mr. B. the richest merchant in the North of Norway, if not in the whole country, and had been married to a young Norwegian officer, the governor of the fortress of Vardohus; which lies beyond the North Cape, and of which there has been so much talk in connection with the designs of Russia upon Norway. Her husband being ill, went down by the last steamer last autumn to Christiania for medical advice. At Christmas she heard that he was not likely to recover, when she formed the resolution of crossing the Fjeld to Haparanda at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, and so on by way of Stockholm to Christiania, that she might see him once more in this life. A formidable journey for a woman, and especially at that season of the

year, when the sun is totally absent in these latitudes ; and where there is no vestige of a road for several hundred miles.* Joining a party of Laps, she started in a reindeer sledge (polk) across the Fjeld. At first, she told me, she was frequently upset, but, of course, not much hurt ; as she had not far to fall. Now and then, the rest of the convoy swept onward without missing her, while she lay rolling in a soft bed of snow. This was rather alarming, particularly if the night had set in. The Laps, be it observed, never think of losing their way in the darkest night, but go straight ahead as if by instinct in the right direction. No serious accident happened. Every night she slept for a few hours in the same tent as the Laps.

On her arrival in Christiania, after this terrible journey, her husband was already dead. She had been stopping at the capital ever since, and was now returning to her home at Vardohus.

CHAPTER VIII.

Surnames a sign of Civilization — Hans-i-the-wood — A Great Sea-eagle — A Fur-merchant's Warehouse — A Triumph and its Consequences — Rough Weather — A Darkness that might be felt — A Run ashore — The Voice of the Draugie — The Thana Fjord — Photographic Magic — Norwegian Honesty — The lost Tobacco-pouch — A tragic Story — Murder will out — Curiosities for sale.

ON the steamers, and in the towns, the traveller at once perceives a symptom of higher civilization than up the country, in the presence of surnames. There is nothing of this kind among the peasants who live away from the throng of cities. With the exception of the parson, who of course rejoices in a surname, they are all plain Ole, or Eva, or Peter; or, for greater individuality — like

Demosthenes the son of Demosthenes, or Thucydides the son of Olorus, or Thomas ap Griffiths—their father's name is added, *e. g.* Ole Olson, Eva Johnson, Peter Nielson. To which is sometimes appended the name of the landed property, which doubtless, at a later period, will be the real surname of the family.

In England where all our surnames have long been settled, it is curious to speculate upon their origin. Here you may see the thing in operation; as in the instance of the gold-seeker, Peter, to whom his neighbours gave the surname of Gulbrand, from the valley where he was born; just the same as Fleming and Ireland point out clearly to the native country of the first bearers of that name in England.

An amusing instance of this way of originating surnames here came within my notice. One Hans was to go out with me to carry my game-bag. There were two or three persons of this name in the neighbourhood.

This man dwelt in a cottage in a wood, and was consequently known as Hans-i-Skogen, Hans-i'-the-wood ; which appellation will, no doubt, descend to his posterity, even though they may be living in a crowded city, just like Mr. Forest in the Borough, or Mr. Strong-i-the-arm at the West End, who in his present peaceful vocation gives no indication of the stalwart deeds which distinguished the founder of his name.

“What is that yonder?” asked one of the party, pointing to what seemed to be a pillar, or cairn, stuck on a low rock as a land-mark. “One of those Laplanders to be sure, muffled up in his reindeer skin watching the vessel,” was the answer. Another suggestion was, that it must be a cow ; but what would cows be doing there ? A telescope being brought to bear on the object, it turned out to be one of those great sea-eagles, sitting, as is their wont, as motionless as the grey stones around them ; looking out probably for prey, or else digesting it. The steamer passed very near ;

and still he sat on, undisturbed. This glorious bird will soon become extinct, it is said, in Scotland. A Norwegian would certainly open his eyes if told that a society was being formed for the preservation of the breed in the Highlands.

As we approached Hammerfest, the snow might be seen coming very near down to the water's-edge in some places: while the temperature was much lower. This place is the chief emporium of the Spitzbergen trade. We went to the warehouse of one of the principal merchants; where we found a large quantity of white bear and seal skins, at very low prices. The Danish Count made extensive purchases. The owner of the store would have become a rich man, if he could have transported all his stock to the Crimea. Walrus-tusks were likewise abundant. Are the ladies aware that it is the adventurous mariners who hunt this animal in Spitzbergen, that they have to thank for a material so much used by the dentist?

The weather being rough, we did not round the North Cape, but went inside of it ; so that we shall abstain from making any observations on a spot which some travellers have descanted upon, as if it were the concentration of everything that is wild and grand in Norwegian scenery : whereas, in reality, the scenery here is less bold and striking than in most parts of the coast.

The triumph of some of the passengers, the Grev among the number, on the astounding exploit of having passed the most northerly point of Europe was presently converted into what was quite the reverse of a Pæan. As the captain had augured, we had not got far beyond the Cape, when we fell in with bad weather. An atrocious fog, accompanied, singularly enough, by a strong wind, obscured the course. The cause of these fogs is understood to be the warm air, which . accompanies the gulf stream, coming in contact with the icy breezes of the White Sea.

So the thick canopy of cloud, which obscures

the sun's rays in the territory of Sikkim, is ascribed by Dr. Hooker to the prevalent south-east wind, blowing direct from the Bay of Bengal, and striking against the snow-clad pile of the Himalaya.

It was useless to attempt proceeding on our voyage ; so we took refuge in a snug little bay, the name of which the Oxford men, on board, were amused to find was Oxfjord. And sundry bad jokes, in reference to the name, were perpetrated in consequence, which under the trying circumstances, were pardonable. Where we lay, it was beautiful sunshine with an azure sky overhead. But to seaward all was impenetrable gloom. An ash-coloured perpendicular wall rose between us and the ocean, and stretched across the open sea and over the mountains in one straight line ; as if to forbid all further progress in that direction.

“ All hope abandon ye who enter here.”

The domain of sunlight and that of

gloom seemed chalked out exactly : not the least blending and melting of the one into the other. After we had lain at anchor some hours, an attempt was made to effect a breach in the aforesaid wall : it being thought, that possibly it was of no thickness, and that we should find fair weather and sunshine beyond. The Captain was never more deceived in his life. We found ourselves immediately in darkness that might be felt ; the only thing visible being the white billow heads gleaming now and then around us, tossed up by the wind which was blowing as strong as ever. The vessel was put round directly, and luckily we found our way back to our snug little Oxford, basking in the sun-light.

A boat being despatched from the vessel for fresh water, I took the opportunity of going ashore in it, to explore and give our poor dogs a run. We landed on a beautiful beach of glistening white sand : rather a rare sight in this country ; where the sea mostly beats against cliffs or broken rocks. The

stream where the water was procured, leaped into a basin fringed by various mosses, together with the stone-crop and fragrant cushion-pink. Two or three kinds of ferns and some fox-gloves grew among the rocks behind: while a few stints, and red-billed oyster-catchers rose near us; the latter seeming to say "who are you? who are you?" And, before we could devise an answer to this very natural enquiry, a bevy of sylph-like Arctic and common terns, who had been performing a graceful polka in the air, darted, some of them, within a foot of my head. This they meant no doubt as a polite intimation that our absence would be more agreeable than our company.

Washed up high on the beach, I found two buckets, nearly new, worth, I was told, a dollar a piece; and near them a piece of broken oar. These had most probably belonged to some fishing boat, which had been lost on this dangerous coast; all in consequence of that terrible creature, the Draugie. The northern fishermen know him very well,

and that by sad experience. While they are pursuing their vocation at sea, a fearful scream is often heard. Sometimes it sounds like "H-a-u !" "H-a-u !" sometimes it says "So cold !" "so cold !" That is the voice of the Draugie, or water-sprite ; and it portends storm and disaster at sea: and when they hear it, the poor mariners make for land with what speed they can.

Not unfrequently the fishermen get a sight of him. The south-country folks describe him to be a person of middle size, clad in the ordinary dress of a seaman. Most of the people up here, north, give quite a different description of him. They say he has no head, but a tin-plate instead ; with red-hot coals for eyes. But, it is very well known, that, like the mermaid, he can assume what shape he pleases. His favourite abiding place is about the cluster of boat-houses (nösterne), down by the beach. In these places, as well as in the boats, the fishermen often find a substance like foam. That is

the spittle of the Draugie, and it forbodes death.

Many of the lower orders are as frightened as very children of going out in the dark. But there is an admirable specific on these occasions. They have only to put a piece of flad-brod inside their shirt, and they will have nothing to fear from the ghosts.

Next day we steamed out of the bay, the fog having somewhat cleared off: and almost immediately afterwards, rounded the Cape of Nord Kyn, of which the Scandinavian mariners seem to have as great a horror as ever the Roman sailors in the olden time of the "*infames scopulos Acroceraunia*."

We next felt our way, in much mist, up the Thana Fjord, the scenery of which we, of course, did not see to advantage. At its head, is the mouth of the Thana Elv; the wild shores of which have been visited by two or three Englishmen, who, in their love of conflicting with fish and fowl, were content to brave its dangers and disagreeables.

One of our party subsequently parted company with us, and explored the river up to Udsjok. Not having looked to the proviant before starting, he had to depend for a subsistence on the produce of his rod and gun. The sport he described as first-rate; though he was very near terminating his adventures, for ever, through an accident, such as fishermen in Norway are sometimes liable to. The boat, from which he was fishing, was dashed to pieces in a rapid, and it was only by a miracle that he escaped a similar fate. Being a dabbler in photography, he managed to take a few rough sketches of the scenery and people. And, as may be well imagined, the simple nomads regarded him in the light of a magician, neither more nor less.

This vulgar notion stood him in good stead; for, although his tent lay unguarded for several hours in the twenty-four, with all his valuables, such as they were, in it, not a single thing was stolen; or, it might have been, that the Laps were naturally indis-

posed to pilfer the goods of a lone stranger who had trusted himself among them. Indeed, generally, I should say that all the people of this country, whether Laps or Norskmen, are far less given to steal, than the population of the rest of Europe. A strap, a piece of rope, a drop of brandy, they certainly will appropriate ; but there is no country where the traveller is more secure against robbery or violence.

The greatest loss I ever heard of having happened to a traveller was that of his trunk ; which was cut from behind his cariole, while he was approaching Christiania after dark. By a curious coincidence, the victim on this occasion of south country “ civilization,” was my adventurous friend, who had dwelt all alone among the pariahs of the Thana. A little incident happened to myself, near the mouth of this river, which also tells much for Lap honesty.

I went ashore to examine some curious beaches, which had risen far above the

present sea level. On the rocks I lost my handkerchief. This was found by a sea-Lap, dwelling near in his smoky bee-hive shaped den of turf and sticks, which had no windows, and a hole in the roof for a chimney. Into this lair I had popped my head, expecting to find within it some anthropophagous specimen of humanity, with his head growing beneath his shoulders, otherwise I did not see how he could conveniently get into it through the low aperture that served for a door. The inmate I found, however, to be the said sea-Lap, to whom I presented a small coin and a pipe of tobacco, as he sat crouching over the fire, which burned in the centre of the den.*

The next year when I was at Tromsö, three hundred miles hence, a small paper parcel was put into my hands, containing this identical kerchief, which the Lap had taken to the

* But, after all, this habitation was in every respect superior to the mud hovels in Kerry, and other parts of Ireland.

Lehnsman, by whom it was dispatched to the British Consul.

Issuing from the Thana Fjord again, we kept away to the eastward, and passed Berlewaag ; which has lately become a great resort for the spring cod-fishing ; when the fish have left the Luffodens. While talking of this place, I may mention a tragic story in connection with it.

The owner of a Russian vessel engaged a crew of Russians two or three years ago, for a voyage to Spitzbergen ; where he intended to spend the winter for the purpose of catching walrusses and ice-bears. After they had been some time on the island, a part of the men appear to have become dissatisfied with their engagement, and determined to break it off by fair means or foul. They probably did not like the idea of going through the trials of a Spitzbergen winter ; although this has been frequently done without disaster. The Captain would not listen to any proposal of return, and told them he was determined

to stay. They were as determined to go, and resolved to murder him, as the best way of effecting their object.

One day, as he came on board, they shot him dead. Two of the crew, who had not joined the conspirators, were still ashore, and saw the murder committed. To their horror, they presently saw the vessel set sail without them.

The murderers shaped their course for Norway, and one of their number throwing out some hints about turning evidence against them, they cast him overboard. Another poor wretch, who appeared conscience stricken at his share in the transaction, they plied with abundant drink, and managed to kill by this method, before they got to port. Eventually, they arrived at this very place, Berlewaag, and told the people living here, some tale of their having lost their Captain, at Spitzbergen, in a fog; which nobody had any cause or inclination to disbelieve. But murder will out. On the other hand, there is a proverb to the effect

that, "Dead men tell no tales," so how could there appear any evidence against them? It is true their unfortunate shipmates were dead, as well as the Captain; while two of their partners in crime, who seemed likely to divulge the secret, were under the waves of the Polar Sea. It happened on this wise. The two men, who were left in Spitzbergen, supported themselves for some time by shooting birds, with which the island swarms. But, when their ammunition was exhausted, there was nothing for it, apparently, but to die by a lingering death. Which in fact was their fate. One of the men soon died; the other lingered longer, and before his end, scratched an account of the whole business on the stock of his gun.

The very next year the crew of a Norwegian vessel, which visited Spitzbergen, happened to be hunting reindeer in the neighbourhood of the place where the Russians had been; while so engaged, they found the gunstock near a hut which had been set up for

shelter. It was brought to Norway. The murderers were sought for, and apprehended. The moment they saw the gun-stock, with the damning evidence engraved upon it, by the trembling hands of their expiring ship-mate, they confessed their crime. They were handed over, I believe, to the Russian authorities, by whom, as *direct* capital punishment is abolished from their code, they were of course flogged to death !

For the information of any smart speculators, I must not omit to state, that the said gun-stock is in the possession of Mr. Bergen of Karasjok, in Lapland, who, no doubt, would part with it for a valuable consideration. On second thoughts, also, I remember that the identical knife with which the Lap, Hette, stuck the poor Lehnsmann, was offered to me for sale by the restaurateur of the 'Æger' steamer ; but, as that respectable personage managed to lose a double bottle of brandy, which I had entrusted to his care, taking the precaution to make a

note thereof when I did so, as it was intended for the entire summer consumption, I should not be much inclined to consider the knife as the genuine article. Nevertheless, that won't matter, and I don't see why the gun-stock and the knife, together with a few other odd articles, such as a tooth of the great sea-serpent, and a bone of Odin's, from his grave at Old Upsala, with a couple of Thana Laps, in full costume, as curators of the Museum, should not realize quite as much money as ever the Yankee showman did, with his paltry mermaid and woolly horse.

CHAPTER IX.

Arrival at Vardohus — Hummer and Kammerherr — Raptures and their origin—The Fair Widow — The “Festning”—The Cow that belonged to Government—The Boy of Vadsö—Lapland Dogs not Lap-dogs—Mine Host—An Attempt to turn an Honest Penny—A great Baptizing Day—A young Lap Couple—Burly Samoyede Sailors—A gin-palace in Vadsö—Civility to the Russians — An Uncomfortable Fellow-lodger — A Sample of Russian Perfidy—Disposition of the Population towards Russia—Fin Notions respecting the Czar—A Deep Game.

I WAS in bed before we arrived at Vardohus; the Festning or fortress, which Norwegians look upon as a sort of Scandinavian Bomarsund to resist Russian encroachment. But as I had heard there was nothing to be seen here, and that the works were upon a very insignificant scale, I did not turn out,

determined to be content with the glimpse I should have of the place in the morning from the ship's deck, as we were to anchor here for some hours.

Hummer, too, whose face appeared to have paled somewhat since the lobsters failed, seemed to be of my opinion. While the Grev might be seen in an opposite berth, snoring heavily, his tipsy features lit up by the sun which shone straight at him through the port-holes. The namby-pamby Kammerherr, however, who had been simpering, and philandering, and sketching all the voyage, and thereby greatly moving the bile of his countryman, Hummer, was not in his berth.

“ That old woman has gone ashore, I suppose,” he observed. “ That young widow is to leave us here ; depend upon it he has escorted her to her residence. Kammerherr, ay ! and jackass to boot ! And as for sketching, he is a regular Pfuscher, (bungler). Nein, meinen Lebtag hab ich niemals solch einen aufgeblasenen Dummkopf gesehen, (In

the course of my existence I have never seen such an inflated blockhead). Was that er hier eigentlich?—What's his business here I should like to know. Such a Spiessbürger as that ought to keep at home, and teach the young Princesses of Krähwinkel to dance."

With this the spleen of the irritable Hummer seemed to have found satisfactory vent, and he was speedily in the arms of Morpheus.

Our suspicions were correct, for, in the morning, our rest was broken in upon by the Kammerherr, who came into the sleeping cabin, with white kid gloves on his attenuated fingers.

"Ganz charmant," he kept ejaculating; "zum entzücken, *i. e.*, entirely charming, quite ravishing."

"I see," said the humorous Englishman, "he has been taking a dose of belladonna."

"Well, Herr Kammerherr," said I, "what is the matter? Wo sind Sie gewesen die

ganze Nacht?—Where have you been all night?”

“Nein, dass war ungläublich.—No, it was incredible. War es möglich?—Was it possible. Hier am ende der Welt, nachdem wir den Nord Cap passirt haben; und nicht so weit von Nova Zembla sein können.—Here at the end of the world, when we have passed the North Cape, and can't be very far from Nova Zembla.”

When the Kammerherr had by these, and other similar escapades of language, let off some of the superfluous steam, I ascertained what he had been about, and the cause of his raptures. The Englishman's conjectures were right. He had actually gone ashore with the widow. On arriving at her father's, there was a grand ball there. “A ball in these latitudes,” said the humorous Englishman, “well, I am quite sorry that I did not see it. But it serves me right. I did, it is true, take leave of the fair widow before going to bed; but I ought not to have let

this Master of the Ceremonies, with his cut and dried grimaces, steal a march on me in this way."

"Such beautiful girls at the ball," continued the beau. "The widow's sisters—three of them; Thea, I think, was the prettiest. I had the honour of dancing with them all."

By this time an ominous grunt was heard, and, frightful to contemplate, the fiery physiognomy of Hummer protruded from his berth. The Kammerherr, whose refined genius seemed rebuked, and sensibilities shocked, by the sturdy bluff manner of the Hamburg republican, shrunk into himself, and was, I suppose, speedily dreaming in his cot over the triumphs he had achieved, among the Arctic belles; who, of course, looked upon him as a paragon of gentility.

I was soon on deck to have a look at the "Festning," before the anchor was lifted. Every rock and mound was bristling—with rows of cannon, you will say—decidedly not;

but with stiff gallows-shaped timbers, on which were hanging suspended the bodies, not of Muscovites, but of dried stock-fish. A solitary sentinel might be observed in the distance, tramping about in front of the fortress ; which, as far as I could see, would be blown to atoms in a few minutes by a couple of well served gun-boats.

An old man on board told me, that during the last war, an English naval captain landed in a little bay which he pointed out to me, a few miles to the east of this, in search of provisions for his ship, which lay in the offing. The peasant living there being quite unprepared for a visit of the kind, had not been able to hide his cow. The officer, at once, perceived the animal, and offered its worth in money. The owner, who felt no desire to part with her, bethought himself of a stratagem which he fondly imagined was sure to succeed. He expressed great sorrow at being unable to let her go, for she was not his property, but belonged to the governor of

Vardohus. "Oh ! she is government property, is she ?" replied the officer, quietly. "In that case I shall take her without paying for her," which he accordingly did.

Vardohus is distant nine Norwegian miles from Vadsö, in the Varanger Fjord, so that the reader will know what faith to attach to the statement of a recent Russian writer, "that the Norwegian fort of Vardohus commands the entrance of the Gulf of Varanger."

Rounding Ekerö, we steamed into the bay of Vadsö, and were immediately surrounded by a swarm of boats, pulled by Laplanders and Norskmen ; each strongly recommending himself to our consideration. As a matter of course, part of the town, which has, from recent events, become quite classical, is built on an island. The warehouses, as usual, jut out upon piles into the translucent water. Its clearness may be surmised from the fact, that I saw a man transfixing flounders with great success ; as they lay enjoying their fancied security at a considerable depth below

the surface. From the shallowness of the harbour at low water, the steamer was unable to come alongside the jetty, although there were several smart sized brigs lying close to the warehouses.

On landing, our dogs were beset by a cloud of Lap dogs. It must not be supposed that I mean the animal commonly known by that name in England. That these fellows do not fare sumptuously every day, like their English namesakes, any person who has travelled in Lapland, and knows what they really *do* eat, will be ready to testify. It being the main part of their duty to lie out at nights in all weathers, warding the deer; nature has provided them with proper appliances for the purpose. The description of “Luath,”

“ His towsie back
Weel clad with coat of glossy black ;
His gawcie tail wi’ upward curl
Hung o’er his hurdies wi’ a swirl.”

will apply, with the exception of the colour,

which is oftenest grey, red, or brindled, and as for the face, it is anything but "honest and sonsie." If there is any truth in physiognomy, a more knavish set of curs never existed.

Rescuing our dogs from these assailants with no little difficulty, we elbowed our way through a crowd of Russian sailors, Fins, and Norwegians, further into the town. As we passed along there was a by no means pleasant smell proceeding from vats of fermenting fish liver. There was no inn in the place; but a Dane, a baker by trade, was said to receive strangers (*tag' imod*), so to his abode we directed our steps. Our guide thither, through the straggling wooden houses, was a lanky, cadaverous gentleman, dressed in black, his nose surmounted by green spectacles, who offered his services on the occasion. We tendered him our best thanks for his kindness on arriving at the hostel, and immediately ordered dinner. Instead of departing at once, our friend in

black took a seat, pestered us with a variety of questions till the dinner was on the table, when we could not do less than ask him to partake of it. After eating voraciously of fish-pudding, and excellent roast mutton, which he washed down with Norwegian port wine, he lighted a cigar offered him by one of our party, and made his exit. What he wanted was his dinner, and he got it; but, as for assisting us in our preparations for the journey to the Paswig Elv, he had no sort of intention of doing anything of the sort.

All sorts of people kept peeping into the room to see what we were like. One person, apparently of the better classes, rushed in, while we were discussing our future plans, with a little fox-whelp in his hand.

“Won’t you buy this,” said he, “I will sell it for a pound sterling. Very cheap. It is a kors-rev (cross-fox). Don’t you see this dark mark across his shoulders.”

The skins of this species I had before seen. It is marked something like a jackass ;

and is a larger and stronger animal than our English one. One of our party had serious thoughts of purchasing the animal, and presenting it to his friend, Mr. —, Master of the — Hunt, to improve his breed of foxes; but the difficulty of getting it to England decided him not to do so; upon which the would-be vendor departed, quite annoyed at his want of success. Subsequently, while I was walking about the town, a Laplander opened his reindeer pesk, and developed this identical fox-whelp: for which he asked the more modest price of half a dollar. The individual, above-mentioned, thinking he might turn an honest penny, at our expense, had, I learned, coolly snatched it from the Lap, and offered it to us for sale: by which transaction he would have gained about eighteen shillings English. The standard of public morality, thought I, is not high at Vadsö.

A novel scene presented itself to us in the streets. It had been a great baptizing day

at the church, and numerous Laplanders had converged, from all directions, to take part in the proceedings. One fellow, who strutted about in a blue cloth blouse, with red facings, was pointed out to me as the owner of a herd of three thousand deer. An aristocrat in his way, he would not sell one of them ; it being his pride to be pointed out as the monster flockmaster of the wilds.

I was particularly diverted by the appearance of a young Lap couple, who had been married that day. They were sauntering about the place, hand-in-hand, and looking very loving. Both of them were dressed from top to toe, in a suit of milk-white reindeer calf-skin ; with a cap of the same material, fitting closely to the head, and, like some of the Crimean caps, leaving nothing but the eyes, nose, and mouth, exposed to view.

The lady wore no girdle ; but her lord had a broad leathern strap round his waist ; and his voluminous pesk was hitched up above the belt, so as to bag out all round his breast

and back, reminding me of Döbler, the conjuror's blouse, when he is playing the flower trick. For the information of my readers, be it remarked, that this is the very pink of Lap fashion.

In regard to the head-dress, the Laps likewise affect a good deal of fashion. A Lap, from the Thana, may be easily distinguished from an Alten Lap, by the pattern of the edging of his cap.

Contrasting with these, were a lot of burly Samoyede sailors; their muscular figures appearing to the best advantage, in the light-fitting woollen Jerseys, which they wore. A knot of these fellows were clustered round a tall man, some fifty years of age; who, from his erect bearing, might at once be fixed on as a soldier; even if he had not worn a shabby thread-bare uniform, of blue cloth. This man had been twenty-five years in the Russian service, and had served all over the empire; but was now invalided or dismissed. It was interesting to watch the play of his

bronzed features, as he sang with much gesticulation some uncommonly beautiful Russian airs; the Samoyede sailors joining in the chorus.

By and bye, the singers, with one consent, went towards a building, the door of which they entered. As I had seen several persons going in the same direction, I felt anxious to know what sort of an establishment it was—it was a gin-palace.

Vadsö is a town—it was made so in 1833: and, therefore, by law, the sale of ardent liquors is permitted. If the reader has been inside a London emporium of this description, his imagination will soon supply the details. There were no gaudy dummies, painted yellow, with black hoops, to represent pipes of spirits; and the walls were plain logs, with moss stuffed in the crevices; but there was a counter, and pewter-pots, and numbers of people clustered around, drinking the fire-water. Among these, I was glad to see there were very few women. It was still

early in the day; but the brantviin was beginning to tell. Several Laps were titubating about, more unsteady on their legs than usual; while their eyes rolled with a sort of wolfish glare: telling, too plainly, the effect of liquors on the savage. Late in the evening, most of the mannikins had departed for home: while the Russian sailors disturbed the slumbers of the quiet citizens, with infuriate brawlings.

“Why were not those fellows put in the lock-up?” asked I of a Norwegian next day. “Those Russians are very awkward people to deal with,” was the reply. “We don’t much like meddling with them. Besides, the Russian Consul-general is here, spying about, no doubt; and the excuse they gave for disturbing our slumbers was, that they were serenading him.”

“You are much too civil to these Russians,” said I.”

“It is too true,” asserted the citizen, lowering his voice to a whisper, “but there

is no help for it. We, up here, see a good deal of Russian insolence. I wish you could mention these matters in the London papers. Unless something is done, this part of Norway will infallibly belong to the Czar before many years are over. We all see where the danger is, but who is to bell the cat."

As the poor citizen described the tremors of the people on this subject, I was strongly reminded of what I once saw at Lodore, in Borrowdale. In the garden of the snug little inn was a small stew, where several bonny perch were kept, living a life, apparently, of much happiness and tranquillity. One day, a jack of sixteen pounds was caught by the net in Derwentwater, and placed in the stew. From that hour the existence of the perch was evidently a protracted torture.

Brave as lions, they erected their spines, and kept facing straight in the direction of their foe, who lay with shovel-shaped jaw, and flat black head, perfectly motionless.

But all their bravery was of no avail. At fateful intervals of time, the monster waved his tail, and another perch was "catawampously chawed up," as my friend the Yankee would have said.

"I will give you a sample of Russian perfidy," continued my informant. "The other day, a Russian Voged sailed hither from the eastward. On his way hither, he had passed a Norwegian, fishing in what are, strictly, Russian waters; but where, from time immemorial, we have fished, in the same way as Russian fishermen are in the habit of fishing in certain Norwegian waters without question. The fisherman expressed a hope that he was doing right. 'Oh, yes,' said the Voged. 'I have not the slightest objection. Fish away as much as you like.'" At Vadsö, the Russian was *fêted* and entertained by the inhabitants with the utmost hospitality. On his return, he found the Norwegian at the same spot, industriously pursuing his vocation. The Russian boarded

him, and took away every drop of oil and every fish that he had caught."

"And what is the disposition of the population generally towards Russia?" I asked.

"I am sorry to say that there are many people up here who would not much mind if this part of Norway belonged to Russia. Our rulers have cut a deplorable figure in the business: they have proved no match in subtlety for the Russian diplomatists. For, until very lately, the government did not seem to be aware that there was such a country as Finmark; at all events, they considered it valueless. A great proportion of the inhabitants being Finnish, the Norwegians, the dominant race, felt no sympathy with them, looking upon them more in the light of colonists than anything else. A grand blunder; for they were not aware that in aiding Finmark, they were aiding themselves. The consequence is, that one-sided treaties have been made with Russia, by which this part of the country has become almost entirely de-

pendant on her in the matter of trade. Nearly everything we want, except colonial wares, is got from Russia. On her we depend for the necessities of life: grain, meal, cordage.* No wonder, then, that many of the people are by no means ill-disposed to the Czar. The government, I am glad to say, has awoke to the real state of the case. I trust it is not too late. I don't like that Russian Consul-general being up here from Christiania. I am sure it bodes mischief."

I then asked, "What do those little Fins think about these matters?"

"Oh, that's a long story. Some of them have very quaint notions on the subject. A Fin came to me the other day, and told me—where he got his information I can't say—that the Czar had sent to the King of Sweden, and told him that it was no use to

* After the blockade commenced, those people cut off from Archangel, would have been starved, had not the Government sent up supplies of grain from the south.

resist any longer ; for that he (the Czar) was determined to annex Sweden and Norway to Russia. Upon this, the king, in a great fright, applied to Queen Victoria. Queen Victoria immediately sent to the Czar, and told him he should do no such thing. Upon this, the Czar, in a rage, wanted to fight with her directly, but she said she wanted to do so next year. Nicholas, in a towering passion, sent Queen Victoria a sack of barley, and said, ‘You see all these corns in this bag ; can you count them ? I will bring an army to fight you as many as these in number, and if that won’t do, I will bring as many again.’”

“And what did Queen Victoria answer to this ?” I asked.

“Why,” said the Lap, “she sent Nicholas one pepper-corn, and told him to put it in his mouth. ‘My army is small,’ she said, ‘so is this pepper-corn ; but this corn bites sharp. So my army will bite sharp, much sharper than you like.’ Upon this, the Czar

put off fighting for another year." This was in 1853. So the Lap's simple and shrewd apologue was in some measure prophetic.

The emperor has been playing a very deep game with these people. In order that their deer should thrive, it is absolutely necessary that they should have extensive tracts of fjeld to roam over. Now, some of the very best and most extensive pastures lie over the Russian frontier. Until lately, the Norwegian Laps were permitted to cross the border and graze their herds on the lands adjoining, which have always been considered as a neutral territory, (felles districts). Lately, however, this license has been withdrawn by an imperial edict.

It is most probable, that the intention of the Czar in issuing this edict, is to disgust the Norwegian Laps with their present position and make them desire to be under his sway, which they will do rather than see their reindeer starve. The notice is dated June 22nd, 1853, and runs

thus :* “ The Russian Emperor has determined to punish any transgression of the frontier of Russian Lapmark by Norwegian reindeer, either with or without their keepers. In every such case the owner will be mulcted of a tenth part of the deer, and also of so many

* Russia will rue the day when she permitted this document to issue from the Chancery. Had it not been for this cunning and cruel edict, it is probable that all the eloquence of Canrobert would have failed to induce King Oscar to sign the treaty of alliance concluded between Sweden, and Norway, and the Western Powers—a treaty, I may add, full of profound wisdom, which now, for the first time, removes the stain cast upon the British honour for consenting to hand over Norway, without her consent to Sweden, in 1814—a treaty, the news of which guaranteeing as it does their present boundaries to Norway and Sweden, will have brought gladness to the bosom of many a Bonder, as he studied it over in the depths of an Arctic winter. It may be observed that, in the spirited note of the Swedish Minister for Foreign Affairs, Count Stierneld addressed to the Swedish Ministers abroad, pointed mention is made of “ the obstacles made by Russia to a satisfactory regulation of the boundary relations in the Northern provinces.” So that, at last, “ Vaulting ambition hath o’erleapt itself, and fallen on t’other side.” Surely it was not for nothing that the Czar, among all his titles always claimed that of “ Heir to Norway.”

additional deer as shall amount in value to the damage done ! A certain time will then be fixed by which the owner must be over the border again, and, if on the expiration of this period, he is still found upon Russian ground, a second fine of similar amount will be imposed upon him. Where a river or some other natural boundary divides the country, the punishment will be imposed directly the deer have crossed the border. Where there is no such natural boundary line, the punishment will take effect, when the deer have advanced half a mile into the Russian territory." This notable edict came like a thunderclap upon the Laps, and the effect would be, as my informant surmised, that they must either reduce their flocks, or their deer would pine and starve. There are about 80,000 of these animals in all.

CHAPTER X.

An Intelligent Official—Hire of a Boat—The Mysterious Treasure — The Miser Instinct among the Laps — Craving for Religious exercises—The Country around the Great Lake Enara—Adventure with a Swimming Bear—Onwards to the Eastward—A Diplomatic Bungle —A Toast — A Conversation with the Coxswain — Dreams of what might have been—The mouth of the Paswig—The abode of St. Tryphon—Unskilful Boatmen—Hansen—A Muscovite Piece of Trickery.

I FOUND the Lehnsmann, or government officer, a remarkably intelligent and obliging person. By his aid, we procured a boat and four men, and proceeded to the Paswig. Just at this period the coal fishery is at its height : so that labour is difficult to procure, and is, therefore, proportionately expensive. Each rower was to receive a dollar a day ;

the sum which they could earn in their usual vocation.

While we were in a merchant's store, selecting some reindeer skins, which cost here about three shillings each, a Lap entered, and mysteriously beckoned the Lehnsman on one side. Perhaps, thought I, as the Lap kept pointing towards us, he wishes to inquire after the health of Queen Victoria. Presently the conference ceased—the Lehnsman advanced towards us, but the Lap suddenly sprang forward and pulled him back by the arm, as if he had changed his mind.

“What is all this about?” I inquired. “He has got an English coin,” replied the Lehnsman, “which his father gave him, and hearing that you are Englishmen, he is very anxious to know its value. But his possession of this treasure is an intense secret, and he is fearful after all, lest you should be letting it out.”

At my request, he now urged the Lap to produce his arcanum. After much hesita-

tion, and many furtive peeps under his eyebrows, first at our party, then at the Lehnsman, and lastly all round the walls of the store, he produced from under his pesk a greasy pouch, which, for aught I know, had been thumbed by his predecessors from all time.

Out of this he took a silver coin, which I found to be an English three-shilling token. Using the Lehnsman as an interpreter, I informed the owner what its real value was, and offered him a dollar for it, one half more than its real worth. He next fumbled out a Spanish dollar. Poising the two pieces of silver in his hand, and gloating over them with the fondness of a miser, he returned them to the said pouch, and placed them under his coat of skins.

“Just as I thought,” said the Lehnsman. “It is the great passion of these people to acquire old coins, and they never part with them.”

“And what will he do with them?” said I. “Would not it be much better to turn them into a convertible medium?”

“No doubt; but he won’t part with them, even if he is starving. He will hide them when he gets home, and go and look at his darlings when he can do it unseen.”

By this means, a considerable quantity of the silver currency is being continually lost: as the owner sometimes dies without divulging the hiding place. Pots of money, that have been thus buried and lost, have now and then been discovered, by accident, upon the fjeld.

I find the Lehnsmann has traversed the course of the Paswig, or Pasrek, for fifty or sixty miles, up to the great Lake of Enara. He did so by order of the Norwegian government, to investigate the disputed boundary line. Castren, in his travels among the Laps, observed that the people dwelling on this lake had a great craving for religious exercises, which seemed to increase in proportion to their privations. He describes them as engaged for as much as twenty-four consecutive hours in their devotions, partly in church, partly in their own huts.

The Lehnsmen says, that every now and then there are falls, and then the river expands into wide lakes of various dimensions. He describes the banks as covered with deep woods of magnificent pine and birch; and the grass growing so tall that it reached almost to his shoulders. The wooded islands are the breeding places of the wild swan. He caught several young ones, which he brought home to Vadsö; but they have all died. At the numerous falls, he had to make portages, his Lâp voyageurs dragging the boat with much labour over the rocks and stones that lined the stream. While rowing up one of the lakes, an animal was descried at some distance swimming. At first, it was supposed to be a reindeer, but turned out to be a large brown bear. By direction of the Lehnsmen, the boatmen rowed to cut off the animal. Unfortunately, there were no fire arms in the boat; so that the only offensive weapon which they could employ was an oar. Receiving a rough salute on the

head from one of these implements, down went the bear under water. Before long he was up again, growling, and sputtering, and striking his fore feet violently into the air, as only a half-drowned bear can be supposed to do. Two or three more such immersions, and Bruin must have been suffocated; but in spite of the expostulations of the Lehnsmen, the Laps became alarmed, lest the beast should upset the boat, and persisted in rowing away, much to his chagrin; leaving the bear to pursue his course undisturbed.

Everything being prepared for our expedition, we bid adieu to the Lehnsmen, to whom we owed a great debt of gratitude for his kindness and went on board our boat.

As we rowed from the jetty, the lanky gentleman in black, with green spectacles, whom we had lost sight of from the moment he got his dinner until now, suddenly re-appeared, pulling off his hat, and bidding us farewell with provoking politeness.

Leaving the north coast of the fjord,

which is low, and contains no good harbours, we were soon shaping our course to the eastward with a gentle breeze. Though it was night, numerous boats were rocking on the water, engaged in taking the voracious coal-fish ; while, near at hand, might be seen the white jets spouted upon high by the gambolling whales, and glistening in the beams of the sun. On our quarter lay the south coast of the fjord, which, unlike the north, is very high land. From a distance, it appears to be a continued ridge of mountains, with here and there peaks rising from the general level ; but, by the aid of our glasses, we found it was indented by several creeks, or fjords, penetrating far into the land.

Owing to the immense depth of these inlets which cleave the coast, and the tropical current which has been before alluded to, ice is a thing unknown in these recesses. Whereas, fifty miles east of this, just where the Jacobs-elv marks the Russian frontier, by a curious caprice of nature, every corner is

encumbered with thick-ribbed ice for a great portion of the year. By a diplomatic bungle, inconceivable in so crafty a people as the Russians, when the mooted question of the boundary was settled by the treaty of 1826, this appears to have been overlooked. Had Russia been sufficiently aware of these circumstances, she would most likely have preferred keeping the boundary question in all its former uncertainty; and her anxiety to recover the opportunity that had been so unguardedly lost, was soon apparent. The story is thus told by a patriotic and well-informed Norwegian, in the "Times" of November last.

"In 1840, the public attention was drawn to the fact that a number of Russo-Finnish officials were traversing Finmark in all directions, collecting special and detailed information relative to the coasts, the depths of the rivers, and their local circumstances. It was pretended that these journeys were for pleasure trips; but by the singular accident of

the misdirection of a government circular, by which it fell into the hands of a Norwegian official, it was proved that these inspections of the country took place by direct order of the Russian Government. Among the instructions thus brought to light, it was desired that such harbours should be reported upon as were convenient for the accommodation of a fleet, the best tracts for forming military roads, as well as all rivers where craft could enter, and the purpose of this insulting conduct, which, to a more powerful state, would have led to grave complications, soon showed itself. Russia opened negotiations with the Norwegian Government, and offered to cede a large proportion of territory in the interior, if the latter would give up a small part lying on the coast of the Varanger Fjord, just sufficient to afford to the Russians an open harbour. These negotiations, however, were suddenly broken off in 1846 or 1847, and the cause remains involved in obscurity." A Russian writer in the "Nord," a paper

which Russia, with characteristic boldness and craft, started at Brussels, soon after the war began, for the purpose of advocating Russian interests in the heart of the territory of the Western powers, endeavours to explain the reason of these abortive negotiations. But as far as we are able to judge, the explanation is mere subterfuge, and there is no reason to doubt the version of the affair given by the Norwegian.

It was now that Russia had recourse to the notable expedient above-mentioned, of putting an end to the right conceded by the treaty of 1751, which had been concluded "for all time," viz., that the Norwegian and Finnish Laps should have the mutual right of passing the frontiers to obtain food for their herds of reindeer.

It was in 1852, that Russia had suddenly abrogated this treaty; alleging as a pretext, that the treaty of 1751, had been entered into by the Swedes and Norwegians, before they ceded this province to Russia, and was,

therefore, not binding on Russia. So that the Russian statesmen propounded the doctrine that the conqueror of a ceded province is not bound by any of the treaties entered into by the previous governments.

Russia, it was said, had gone so far as to threaten to blockade the Norwegian frontier with a military force, unless her new stipulations were complied with. All this was tolerably well known at Wadsö and the vicinity, and it was even said, that the Norwegians had proposed to call in the mediation of the friendly powers ; but that King Oscar, who is suspected of being rather Russian in his sympathies wished to keep the matter quiet.

The night air was rather cool ; and it was with no little zest that we discussed the contents of a preserved meat-box, which had been judiciously stowed away in a come-atible place in the boat by one of the party. A small glass of finkel, which followed, served as a vehicle for drinking confusion to the

“ heir of Norway.” Somewhat exhilarated by the dram, one of the party addressed David the coxswain.

“ Well, David, I am sorry for you. It’s a bad job, no doubt. But I suppose by this time next year, all you fellows will be pressed to serve in the Russian navy.”

“ Will we though ! Gamle Norge is not going to be taken so easily. Look at Vardohus.”

“ Vardohus ! sladder ! *i. e.*, stuff and nonsense, a mere landmark !”

“ But tell me, where is that snug little harbour that Russia has such a liking for ? What do you call it—Bögfjord ?”

“ Oh, yonder it is. Don’t you see that high land in the middle ; that is Skagerö. To the left of it is the Bögfjord, and on its right the Bugöfjord.”

Yes ! it is even so. I pray you mark this spot well, reader. This is the spot that the Czar Nicholas so much coveted, for the

arrondissement, so to say, of his dominions. It was only just this remote harbour, and its barren shores.

Si angulus ille proximus accedat qui nunc denormat
agelliumis.

And yet this harbour might soon have been made a naval station and fortress of the first class, to which Sebastopol would have been insignificant in comparison. And then it would not have been, like the Crimea, three thousand miles from our shores ; indeed, we are afraid to say in how few days a steam-fleet leaving this, might effect a descent on Scotland. Besides which it might have come at any time—even in mid-winter. *Diis aliter.*

On returning from the Paswig, I had an opportunity of inspecting the spot ; which will henceforth become so memorable in the world's history. I entered by Bögfjord, and rounding the piece of intervening coast, which

is called Skagerö, and is in fact an island, issued again into the open sea by the other outlet, that of Bugöfjord. Along the eastern part of Skagerö there are all the requisites of a good harbour.

“ It is,” says an accurate observer, “ well sheltered, roomy, has a good bottom, and the water branching into convenient creeks is of the most accommodating depth. It is unapproachable from behind, and on the sea-side there are several low islets, exactly suited for the erection of protecting forts.”

Such was the Eldorado that has just slipped through the claws of Russia.

Rounding a tongue of high land, the west side of which is washed by the Bögfjord, we entered the Jarfjord, or mouth of the Paswig. The wind failing us, our men had to take to the oars ; and as the tide was against us, little way was made.

To our right, at the base of the cliffs, they pointed out to us a cave, where according to popular belief, St. Tryphon, the first Apostle,

who brought the light of Christianity among these savage tribes, used to reside. Apparently, his interference was not much relished ; for, like St. Olaf, he came to a violent end. He is said to have founded the Græco-Russian chapel under the invocation of St. Boris and St. Gleb, which, according to the Russians, dates from the sixteenth century. Of this more anon.

The rapidity of the stream increasing, our men, who were by no means fond of work, deliberately rowed ashore ; and fastening the boat, were soon fast asleep. Nothing was left for us, but to follow their example. So long did these precious fellows repose, that we lost the benefit of the tide which soon began to flow. In fact, they were impostors, and knew nothing about the navigation of the stream. Under these circumstances, we were glad to perceive a human habitation on the eastern bank of the fjord. Here dwelt one Hansen, a Norwegian, who had been a soldier, and had lately settled here. He

knew the intricate course of the river well, and undertook to row the stroke-oar of our boat with much good will. One of our men rowing behind us in Hansen's small boat. From Hansen we learnt that the first falls were about ten miles from the mouth of the fjord, and that the tide runs up all the way to that place.

The Russian frontier, he said, for the first few miles from the sea, was the Jacob's River; it then suddenly leaves that natural boundary line, and by a sharp bend back again to the north-west, approaches the right bank of the Paswig, which river from thenceforward becomes the boundary between Russia and Norway, all the way to the great Lake of Enara.

The Russians, however, have not contented themselves with the land on the right bank, but have, in spite of all protestations to the contrary, laid claim to, and do possess a little oasis of land on the left, or

Norwegian side of the Paswig, just below the falls.

This slip of land, about a werst in extent, they assert, is a part of "Holy Russia," in respect of the aforesaid Russo-Greek chapel. A Muscovite piece of trickery all over. First they gave a hint to some Russian Fins to squat on the Scandinavian side, then these people erect a chapel for the celebration of the Greek rites ; and then it is discovered to be one of "the Holy Places," and under Russian protection.

This is, what is popularly termed, getting in the thin end of the wedge. The inch was obtained ; and the ell would soon have followed. Not, perhaps, immediately, for the motto of Russia is, "I bide my time." But had things taken the course which they threatened to do in 1854, Russian designs would have succeeded too surely, and the Czar would have possessed a splendid naval station to awe England, and menace the liberties of the West.

We all remember the fable of the inoffensive lamb, who muddied the stream of which the wolf desired to drink. So easy is it for the strong to pick a quarrel about nothing with the weak.

CHAPTER XI.

The Fins as Fishermen—A Lap Cemetery—The sacred Trees—A shocking disappointment—A specimen of Philosophy—The Paswig Fly—"All is lost now"—A Quain Cook — A melancholy Spectacle — Musquito Curtains—A Pendulous Wasp's Nest—A Nostrum for Boils—The Scream of the Kat-ugle—Eagle Shooting—The Laughing Goose.

By dint of much hard work we at last won our way through the high cliffs, or rather mountains, bounding the river, and landed upon a beautiful green slope, close to the above-named chapel of St. Boris and St. Gleb. Here the rugged cliffs recede from the river bank, and leave a wide space of comparatively flat soil. Upon this flat, close

to the water, were some dozen little log-huts. But they were all closed, and not a vestige of a human being to be seen.

“What has become of the Fins?” asked I of Hansen.

“They are all gone off to sea, fishing for sei,” was Hansen’s reply. “In the summer months, they are never here. In the autumn they return: and catch the salmon that come up the river to spawn.”

Evidences of their skill in the sea-fishing were visible, in the presence of countless bony heads of sei and cod, strung together like onions, and shrivelled and dried by the sun. These, I hear, they pound up in the winter as food for their reindeer, or cattle, if they have any. Laing testifies to having seen cows eat with great avidity portions of dried horse-dung, in this country; so that pounded fish-heads must be looked on as quite a superior article. We pitched our two tents close to the stream, with the log-huts on one side, and the little chapel on the other.

Behind the latter building was a grove of birch-trees ; this was the Lap cemetery. Little mounds of earth with wooden crosses, each with three cross-pieces, two horizontal, the other sloping, instead of head-stones, marked the resting places of the deceased. All around there was a carpet of verdant turf. I cannot imagine a spot more suitable for such a purpose. It was, evidently, held in great veneration by the tribe, being kept with scrupulous care and neatness.

“ For goodness sake,” exclaimed Hansen to one of our men, who, not observing the graves, was going, axe in hand, to have a cut at the nearest birch-trees, “ don’t touch those trees. You can’t think how jealous the Russian-Laps are about their burial-grounds. They would think nothing of using the axe to you, if you injured the sacred trees.”

Warned, the man went further off ; and a table and benches, and horse for hanging our wet clothes, were soon constructed ; not equal

to what Gillow turns out, but quite good enough for us.

“What a magnificent pool that is,” exclaimed one of the party, looking at a deep hole, close to the tents. “O be joyful! there are plenty more such, no doubt. Go A., up the stream, and reconnoitre.”

A. set off for the purpose, and in half an hour returned with the unwelcome intelligence, that the river from hence to the foss, which might be three quarters of a mile off, was one broad rapid stream, with hardly a single resting place for a large salmon.

“The foss-pool could not be fished from the land, and no boat could live in it.”

“Shocking disappointment,” blurted out C.

“Very well! never mind!” I put in, imitating the tone of the Danish Grev; whom we had left drinking port-wine by buckets-full at Wadsö.

“Here is one good pool at all events. Let us cast lots which of the three shall have the first throw in it.”

The philosophy with which I bore our disappointment, was rewarded by winning the first throw. My rod was soon put together, and my celebrated "Paswig" fly, as I had named it, was looped on the end of the treble-gut casting line. Like the father of her who was beloved by Villikins, it abounded in "silvier and gowd." Blue, yellow and scarlet pig's-wool decked the body, while golden pheasant tippets and top-pings, with a profusion of parrot, bustard, and other mixed fibres adorned the wings. The ladies on board the damp-skib had never ceased to admire its gorgeous hues, and the ingenuity displayed in its construction.

"Christopher," said I to one of our men, "row me up above there, and let the boat sink gently towards the hole."

The "Paswig" fly at last descended lightly on a spot, where the rapid stream flowing more tranquilly, became all at once very dark and deep. What a tug I felt at that

instant! The handle of my reel went round at such a pace. "Be ready, Christopher, to let the boat go down, when I give the signal. He is off, I think. Follow him. But no. Hold hard. What's that? Look at the line; it's fizzing up the water like the cut-water of Her Majesty's steam yacht."

The fish had suddenly turned in his downward career, and shot like an arrow obliquely up stream; making the line belly before him. The next moment, he came to the surface, ploughing it up for the space of half-a-dozen yards, and disclosing his size.

"By jingo!" exclaimed C., who stood on the bank close by, yelling and dancing like one frantic, "what a fish! hurrah! for the Paswig! Forty pounds if he is an ounce. I'll bet you three dollars, even money, he is forty pounds. Your tackle is strong, I suppose? There is a prodigious strain upon it. Egad! how he is sawing up stream. Fit to snap a cable."

And snap went my line at that instant.

Woe worth the day ! The terrific rush of the fish up stream had done the mischief. The line, not being a new one, the great weight of water, and the pull of the fish together, were too much for it.

“ Very well ! never mind,” said I. “ We have, at all events discovered one thing, and that is, that there are good fish in the river.”

Unfortunately, as I have before said, the tide rose all the way up to the Falls ; so that at certain periods of the day, we could not fish. By wading out into the stream higher up, and standing on some large stones, one of the party managed to catch several salmon ; but they were none of them of large size. Lapland salmon proved equal, I had almost said superior, in flavour to any that I ever tasted.

One of our men, a Quain, was no mean performer in the cooking line. Cutting a sharp pointed stick, he used to transfix a wedge of salmon therewith, and roast it

over the embers in a very skilful manner. It was ludicrous to observe the earnestness with which he used to engage in this employment ; never dishing up the savoury morsel till it was done to a turn ; although C—— was apostrophizing him all the time in English and bad Norsk, of which language, he, Quain, did not understand a word, not even the monosyllabic “ strax,” (directly,) which was the most favourite word in C——’s Norsk vocabulary. Indeed, he nicknamed the boy Anton, the waiter on board the steamer, by that adverb.

At first, we were not troubled very much by winged insects. But a shower of rain having fallen, gave the signal for the appearance of the mosquitoes. In numbers, size and ferocity, they exceeded my most sanguine expectations. During my sleeping hours, I managed to be pretty secure from their inroads. Getting under the cover of my gauze mosquito curtain, I lay down on my couch of reindeer skins. But before going

to sleep, I made a point of exterminating, to the uttermost, any vile intruder that might have insinuated himself within the folds of the curtain. It was amusing to see quantities of these blood-suckers surveying me through the net-work with a baffled air ; trying first one place and then another, but all in vain. They reminded me of the hungry animals inside the cages of a menagery, longing to be at her Majesty's lieges, between whom and their ravening jaws a few bars only intervene.

C—— had with him a Highland costume, which, much to the wonderment of the Norwegians, he had the temerity to put on. I need not say that he soon changed the kilt for a more protective costume. Poor fellow ! his hog's-lard, to which he fondly trusted, turned out to be a broken reed. It ran down into his eyes, and nearly blinded him ; add to which, it seemed rather to improve the appetites of the little predatory animals than otherwise. At last, he was reduced to sitting in the shade of the tent,

his "wide-awake" hat tied close to his head by a red kerchief, looking like a gipsy wife in despair. Within forty-eight hours of our tents being pitched, his visage was so swollen, and his blood in such a fever from the bites, that he took our large boat with all its crew, save Christopher, and returned to Vadsö. Hansen said he knew of a solitary Fin, on the river below, who had a boat large enough to carry us away when we required it, so that we felt no difficulty in parting with our craft.

A——, my other companion, had a mosquito curtain, so that he was all right when asleep. During the day, he protected his visage and neck with a spare veil which I had lent him, with strict injunctions to take the greatest possible care of it. This kept his face free from harm, all but his nose, which, being of the largest, pressed tightly against the gauze, and was at once selected by the mosquitoes as a basis of offensive operations. On the second day, he returned

to our encampment, with his "veil not a veil," as Euripides would have said, for it had become nothing but one very large hole. Being accustomed to smoking, he had lit his cigar, and, in the excitement of fishing, quite forgetting the veil, had burnt out the centre of it. Nevertheless, as he was a person of hirsute countenance, he suffered less than I expected.

The natives appear to be less troubled by these animals. Their hides are, perhaps, tougher. Some of them, I observed, used a kerchief as a protection. With this they covered their ears, cheeks and forehead, leaving only the eyes and mouth exposed.

Hearing that there was a sæter seven or eight miles above, I set out with Christopher, who carried a wooden vessel to bring back any milk that we might procure. The rocks approached the river so nearly in places, that we were compelled to make a detour through groves of birch, and morasses covered with fragrant kind of bog-rosemary (*ledum palustre*)

in full white bloom. If the mosquitoes were bad at our encampment, here they were superlatively so. The night was intensely sultry. If I removed my veil for an instant to wipe the perspiration from my face, there was a buzzing rush at the opening, as of a swarm of bees. My thick worsted socks and corderoys were a poor protection to my nether limbs, as every now and then a sharp proboscis stabbed me like the point of a dagger. Where were ye Hamadryads, or in whatever name ye rejoice in these regions, that ye permitted your faithful votary thus to be mangled and pierced, worse than ever Cæsar was in the Senate House. The very dogs suffered martyrdom. My old pointer's entire carcase was blebbed over with tumours ; while under his neck, where they might wallow with impunity, half a dozen ticks had buried themselves head over ears in his flesh. And it was not without a strong pull that I succeeded in separating their bloated carcases from their victim. But there was game afoot,

so he forgot his troubles, and several ptarmigan soon fell to my gun. As we marched along, I observed more than one pendulous wasp's nest fastened to the bough of a birch, with the entrance beneath. These nests, I learnt from my guide, are used in this country as plasters, and are found very efficacious ; perhaps equally so with the best 'parmacity' or cerate, that was ever sold in a druggist's shop. In the course of my travels in Lapland, I also heard of another nostrum for boils or tumours, in use among these people, which may possibly be worth the attention of people at home. I mean a swallow's nest. This is first boiled, and then applied hot to the sore for twenty-four hours. This poultice is an infallible remedy.

Leaving the morasses, we sloped down in the direction of the river above the falls. It now suddenly extended into a wide lake, and at a great distance in front of us, I could perceive that the tall grey cliffs gradually

contracted ; and, buried in their shadow, was another fall gleaming through a thin curtain of mist. As we walked along by the silent shores of the lake, I heard a faint scream, which was presenty repeated. The guide said it was only a "katugle ;" *i. e.*, cat-owl, the name in this country for the owl ; I suppose on account of the nocturnal predatory and silent habits, which this bird possesses in common with the feline race. Not quite satisfied with his explanation, I commenced climbing up the precipitous screes, which here gradually steepened into perpendicular walls of rock. A louder scream now reached my ears, and from the highest part of the cliff off flew a large bird, and crossing over my head, settled on a pinnacle beyond.

By the aid of a deep cleft in the face of precipice, I succeeded in getting up a good deal higher. Christopher kept below. At last I came to a place, beyond which it was impossible to get. Here, therefore, I stationed myself, waiting for events. If there

were a nest above, as I suspected, the parent birds, would probably keep hovering about till they came within range, and so it proved. The bird, after sitting watching my motions for a few moments, again took wing and perched in his old place. This manœuvre he repeated ; and as he flew over for the third time, I levelled my gun at his breast, and down he fell.

Hitherto I had seen only one bird ; but the other I imagined could not be far off. And such proved to be the case. The mate suddenly flew out of the cliff above, with loud cries. Waiting for my opportunity, I fired while the bird was still at a great height. He was hit hard in the pinion ; but he wheeled sharply round, and the velocity with which he was flying, carried him a great distance before he fell ; which was in the wood near the lake. As there was no chance of getting to the nest, I descended in search of the wounded bird. I should remark that they had selected this spot for their eyrie with no

little judgment. From their elevated watch-tower, a capital view could be obtained of everything that went by.

The laughing-geese, with his loud "wah-wah," was constantly passing and repassing along the stream, not to mention numerous ducks and divers. The object of these journeys is to provide daily food for their young, and I have observed that, on these occasions, they invariably stick to the course of the river, never thinking of making a short cut. The birds of prey are aware of this, and erect toll-houses for the levying of contributions.

But I had forgotten the other wounded bird. Christopher had seen his death-swoop, and his vision being obstructed by the trees, he imagined that the bird had fallen into the lake; but there was no traces of him on the surface of the water. For some time all our researches proved fruitless. Till, at last, I heard the old pointer barking furiously. On approaching the spot from which the sounds

proceeded, I found the bird like the wounded Roman, with his back against a rock, glaring fiercely, and with distended bill and uplifted talons, defying the dog. By my directions, Christopher stole behind the bird, and dispatched him with some blows of a heavy stick, while I called off the dog. Unfortunately neither of these eagles were in good plumage, the backs of the head being nearly bald.

After walking for half the night, without seeing the sæter, I determined to return without the milk; bearing, however, as a trophy, some ptarmigan and the two slaughtered birds of prey; the sight of which provoked my companion's emulation in the highest degree.

As we approached the tent, I saw a young reindeer browsing within a few feet of it, which scampered off, full speed. I levelled my gun, but was prevented from firing by my guide, who said it must be a tame deer that had strayed, and there is a considerable

penalty on destroying these animals. Meetings, he told me, take place at stated times among the Laps, when there is an exchange among them of waifs and strays.

CHAPTER XII.

The Neiden — Hansen's Character — The Bøgfjord — Scandinavian Sleeping Accommodation — Salmon-fishing at the Falls — Russian-Lapland Fishermen — A Careless Cast — A Fisherman's Dangers — An Artificer in Iron — Return to Vadsö — Old Friends again — Hospitality at Mortensnæs — Ancient Bauta Stones — Boat Voyage to Nyborg — Richardson's Skua Gulls — A Naturalist's Homily — The Rival Drinking-Cups — An exorbitant Bill — Society at Marienlund — A sad Story — A Cold Bath — The Russian Consul-General — Servility and Independence — An Exquisite's Remonstrance — The "Grev."

THE fishing not answering our expectations, we came to the resolution of leaving the Paswig, and trying our luck on the Neiden, another river a little to the west, which flows into the sea behind the island of Ska-

gerö. A Lap, whom Hansen had procured, undertook to convey us thither in his boat. As we passed Hansen's cot, we stopped to have a drink of milk, and took leave of him well satisfied, apparently, by the manner in which we rewarded him. This honest fellow had left his work at a time of the year, when every day is incalculably precious, on purpose to aid us in our explorations. There was nothing of the cringing sycophant about him ; or any endeavour to squeeze more out of us than he had first bargained for. He did not even adopt the common Norwegian expedient of " leaving it to the gentleman to pay what he thinks fit." This is manifestly a wrong basis to go upon. I never submitted to it. They ought to be the best judges of the worth of their labour, or whatever they have to sell. Many Englishmen, on such occasions, pay them according to English notions, *i. e.* double and treble what they ought. No wonder that everything is rising in price ; so that even the upper class of Norwegians com-

plain that since the English came into the country, they find their own travelling expenses vastly increased. But, as I said, Hansen adhered to his compact without grumbling. On the contrary, there was a straightforward military frankness, and a manifest disposition to oblige, which drew from us something more substantial than mere commendation.

Dropping down to near the sea, we turned sharp round to the westward, and entered the Bøgfjord. Sailing along with a fresh breeze, we soon entered the mouth of the river, and went ashore close to a small log-hut, on the right bank.

We had, as usual, performed our journey in the night, and as the sun was by this time getting high and hot, we were glad to go to bed. That is to say, we stretched our limbs on the floor of a spare room, the reindeer skins we had brought with us materially softening the hardness of the boards. The superincumbent bedding was of the same

hirsute nature. But as reindeer skins are very liable to come off the body in the night, I, as usual, crept into my calico bag eight feet long by four broad; which I have never failed to carry with me while travelling in this country. Those who, by experience, are acquainted with the sleeping accommodations to be had in Scandinavia, will allow that no more serviceable article can form an item in one's stock of travelling requisites.

On rising from our downy couch in the afternoon, we learned that the best place to try for the salmon was at the falls, which were about two miles higher. Up to this place we were "staked" by two natives. And I had again occasion to admire the marvellous skill with which they compelled the unwilling skiff to ascend rapids, when there was an incline of a couple of feet in as many yards.

On arriving at the foss we were again doomed to disappointment. The pool was a decided failure. The salmon did not lie there,

but under the lee of some vast stones which stood in the mid stream, or cataract, leading up to the fall. Just under the fall, which was about twenty feet high, and stretched perpendicularly right across the river, in a small basin close to the bank, and not above eight feet square, a net was being cast by some Russian-Laplanders, and several good fish were procured. This, we learned, happened three or four times a day.

The fishermen were wild-looking creatures. They dwelt in a dozen log-dens close by the falls. In the centre of their wigwams was a wee building, perhaps fifteen feet in length. The cross on its roof proclaimed that it was their place of worship. A priest of the Greek Church performs service in it at times. These savages wore immense beards which almost covered their faces. They were of short stature, but very broad shouldered, differing in this from the slimmer figures of the Laps, whom I had seen.

Most of them had aquiline noses. Their

dress was a long loose surtout. The women had a head-dress of a conical shape. There was something of a very Oriental cast about their looks. They were mostly dark featured, and their limbs were supple and active. Great was the wonderment, and loud and shrill the vociferations, which hailed our arrival among these uncanny looking creatures. A fishing-rod and reel were clearly instruments as strange to them, as a cross-bow would be to a modern artilleryman.

When our men explained to them, in an unintelligible jargon, that we were going to catch salmon with the fly, they laughed discordantly, and at the same time shook their heads incredulously. Selecting a hole just below a large stone in the rapid, I threw my fly into it. None but one careless of the consequences, would, perhaps, have ventured to risk his tackle in such a spot. If I hooked a fish, where on earth was I to land him? and if he went down stream, which of course he would, how in the name

of all the fishermen, from Isaac Walton downwards, could I ever manage to follow him without breaking my legs, if not my neck? The torrent was crowded with great stones, so was the bank. It was pretty much the same as if I had attempted to run full speed, with both my hands tied behind me, over the tops of the tombstones, in one of those metropolitan grave-yards, which Lord Palmerston has lately closed, in spite of the representations of certain parties, that they were not nearly full. But there was this difference, that the tombstones are mostly horizontal, while the boulders were at all sorts of angles to the horizon, and slippery with spray. But people do many foolish things in their lives. *Dulce est desipere in loco.*

And this was the "locality" I selected; for surely it would never have done to have left the Neiden without wetting my line. At the first throw I hooked a salmon. He hesitated for a moment or two, and then

shot into a hole a few yards below. Reader, who art accustomed to the smooth sward that lines the Lentwardine or Wye, with a quiet, business-like fellow, who carries your landing-net, picture to yourself your humble servant, standing among a group of savages, frantic with eagerness and delight, and screaming in unison with the roaring waters. Standing, did I say? See me now jumping from stone to stone, expecting every moment to break my rod and line, if not my bones. Yet on I hurried, like Mazeppa's horse, with the unearthly Laps hard upon my heels. Luckily, I was shod in comargos, which, from having no soles, are admirably adapted for such work, the foot taking much better hold than our shooting-boots, with their stiff, hobnailed soles. Being dressed with a mixture of tar and oil, they are very easy to the foot. Fortunately, I escaped uninjured; and what is more, bagged my fish. He was a sixteen-pounder.

My companion caught some very large

trout and grayling above the fall, but no salmon. Probably, very few succeed in surmounting this obstacle. A little lower down there was a run, where I took one or two salmon; but it was clear to me, from the peculiarity of the stream, that little was to be done in the Neiden.

Having damaged my reel, I was directed to an artificer in iron, who dwelt in the forest, not far off, on the Norwegian side of the river. This man, who dwelt alone, apparently in great poverty, was, I found, the son of a clergyman, and had been well educated. He talked Latin with fluency; and had written a book on the religious fanaticism of the Laps, (I think it was,) which he wished me to get published for him in England. He was a great plant collector, and had a great deal to say about the flora and fauna of this region. He attributed his poverty to two or three bad seasons in succession. But from what I heard afterwards, he was more fitted to

obtain his living by his head than his hands ; and was of an unthrifty and eccentric turn. Howbeit, there was no fault to be found with the manner in which he mended my reel.

On our return to Vadsö, we found C—— convalescent. The steamer, I learned, was come up again from the South, and was about to take a trip the next day, into the inner recesses of the Varanger Fjord. I resolved, therefore, to proceed by it to Nesseby, and thence across the fjeld into the valley of the Thana ; joining the vessel again on its course southward at the Stoppested, (stopping-place), near the mouth of that river. On board the vessel were the doctor, the parson, and several of the notabilities of Vadsö, together with their ladies and children, all full of good humour, and in high spirits at the thoughts of a day's pleasuring on the fjord.

The "Grev," who had been professing his readiness to shoot all the bears in the neigh-

bourhood, was also of the party. He spoke in high terms of the port wine of Vadsö, which seemed to have consoled him in the utter absence of sport. Indeed, it had been his solace, morning, noon and night ; for, as I was informed, he never put foot out of the place the whole time he was there.

We stopped at a place called Mortensnæs, the residence of a merchant, who entertained some dozen of us, most hospitably, with port wine, biscuits and coffee. This gentleman had a large collection of rare bird's eggs. In the court-yard was a brood of young, white-fronted geese, which had been hatched under a hen, and were quite tame.

In a meadow, not far from the house, are some ancient *bauta* stones ; one of which is said to have served as an altar. It is still looked upon by the Laps with superstitious reverence, clinging as they do, tenaciously, to many of the memories of the old

Pagan faith.* In the twilight, I was told, they will pay furtive visits to the spot, and go through some of their strange mummeries in honour of their exploded gods, Aija and Acca. I have no doubt that if I could have drawn one of these people into my confidence, he would have pointed out to me footsteps of the Jutuls in the vicinity; and shown me some of the Jette-gryder, *i. e.* fairy-pots, where the "hill-people" cook their victuals, and wash their bairns.

At Nesseby, I left the steamer, taking leave of my excellent Vadsö friends, and hired a small boat manned by two Finns, dressed in their best reindeer pesks to take me to Nyborg.

As we scudded along with a fresh breeze, I shot a few eider ducks. The nervous and susceptible temperament of the Finn became at once apparent. Though they could not understand a word I said, they knew exactly

* According to an official Report, heathenism was still prevalent in Lapland, in 1750.

what to do—following the birds in high glee and with much dexterity. Unlike the Norwegians, they are keen sportsmen, and are capital marksmen with their pea rifles. They never use shot.

Nyborg, as will be seen by the map, lies at the very end of the northernmost recess of the Varanger Fjord. It is inhabited by two Norwegian families, those of a merchant, and a clergyman, Mr. S—, who is also probst, or archdeacon, and is besides just elected a member of the Storthing. I found him an exceedingly intelligent person. His father, I believe, was the author of a work on natural history, and he has also exhibited a love for studies of this kind. On my arrival, he had just returned by the route over the Fjeld which I was about to take. Fortunately, the Lap, who had carried his luggage, was not gone back, so, at my request, he hired him for me. After taking some refreshment at the Probst's, I started on my journey. He had seen two snowy owls on the mountain,

and as I had a white dog with me, he made sure that I should be able to shoot them, from their known animosity to the canine species. As it was, I saw nothing of them ; , which was a great disappointment, as they are a very scarce bird.

As we strode along through the low birch thickets, that grew about the morasses, numbers of golden plovers kept running along, or perching on the hillocks, quite unconcerned. I might have shot any quantity of them. Green and red-shanks were also on the margin of the fjord which we now left. As usual, the turnstone, *Streptilas interpres*, with its often-repeated querulous note, kept running away and perching knowingly on the grey stones, which are the never-failing adjunct of every morsel of scenery in this country. Abundance of the wood-grouse also showed themselves. One old cock dashed with great fury at my dog, who had disturbed the brood.

The Lap, my guide, who was as usual

clad in rein-deer skin, could not speak a word of Norwegian. I pointed to the plover, and wished to know their name in the Lap tongue. 'Pibou,' 'Pibou', he squeaked with much animation. The Norsk name is "Heilo." Presently we came upon a pair of Richardson's skua gulls: which like the plovers and ptarmigan, evidently had young ones near. They seemed not to have the least fear; hovering overhead just like a hawk, till I thought every moment they would pounce down into my face.

The extraordinary habits of these birds are well known. What the cuckoo is in the appropriation of nests built by other birds, the skua is in the article of food. Many a time I have watched them quietly prowling about in the vicinity of a number of gulls, who were engaged in the creditable employment of herring-fishing. At last, the gulls being satisfied, take wing and make for some distant spot, either to digest their meal or feed their young. Now is the opportunity of this

unconscionable sea-robber. He pursues his timid and unresisting victim, who is twice his own size, with incredible fury; never intermitting his persecution, till the other has disgorged his repast. Down plunges the skua after the prize, which he generally catches before it reaches the water. "Sic vos non vobis, &c."

But why be astonished at this? Don't we meet with a parallel case every day in the scenes around us. Behold some Parasite, some *lestris* of society, rejoicing in brass, living upon the timid *gulls*; men, in short, indued with the special gift of reaping where they have not sown—carrying off the good things which others have collected.*

* F. Martens of Hamburg, who made a voyage to Spitzbergen in 1671, says of this bird: "He hunts and flies in the air after the mew, and so long torments her, until she voideth her dung on which this bird feeds, which he catches dexterously before it falls down into the water, and this is the reason why he is called dung-hunter." Again, he says, "This I could hardly believe at first, till I saw it myself very often." In corroboration of the worthy Martens' observation, it may be observed that the scientific

On our arrival at a brook which crossed our path, the Lap set down my knapsack, and walked to a little clump of birch, from whence he brought a cup of birch-bark fastened by birch twigs (strunt).* Meanwhile, I took out of my waistcoat pocket a small folding cup of glazed leather, and quaffed some of the refreshing element. The sight of this appeared to put the Lap entirely out of conceit with his own drinking vessel. He, at once, cast it from him, and signed to me to lend him mine, from which he drank. I thought his intermittent giggle of delight,

name of the bird is *stercorarius parasiticus*. Nevertheless, I was informed by the intelligent Curator of the Christiania Museum that this is a fable.

* These people, but more especially the Russians, are exceedingly clever in making vessels of birch bark. One called the "tuass," which I saw for sale in numbers at Wadsö, is composed of that material, and is quite water-tight. It is put together apparently without a single stitch, but merely by dove-tailing. I may also mention that for one skilling, I purchased a wooden spoon of Russian peasant manufacture. This is smeared with some sort of varnish, which no amount of boiling water has availed to destroy—a hint, this, for our French polishers.

mixed with the water, would have choked him.

Long after midnight, we descended into the valley of the Thana, over which lay a thick fleece of mist, hiding from our view the house of the Lap, who was to afford me a night's shelter. The whole family were in bed, as nude as when they were born, according to the Lap custom. At length, Mr. Seida,* the tallest Lap that I have ever seen, made his appearance, dressed in a greasy rein-skin, and led me to the "stabur," a small out-building full of sledges, snow-shoes, harness, and skins. Into this I crept, and was soon fast asleep, dreaming of naked Laps dancing round me, brandishing their dirks, previous to putting an end to my existence. All that Seida's house afforded was coffee and sugar, but no milk. For this, and the shake-down, he asked me three and sixpence.

* Seida is the Lappish word for idol-worship. Possibly this place takes its name from having been a resort for that purpose.

I paid him half that sum, and read him a lecture upon extortion. Finding that I knew the priest, he begged me not to mention the matter to him. His excuse was, that he understood Englishmen did not care how much they paid. A Lap boy and girl paddled me down the river to Marienlund. Hereabouts the stream is shallow and broad, with low banks, mountains rising up at some distance on either side. The boat people will have tough work of it returning, the current being so strong that the paddles are useless, so that "staking" must be resorted to.

I found excellent quarters at Marienlund. The house is quite a mansion, and is the residence of the widow of the merchant who owns the Handelsted below, at Guldholmen.

Mr. H—, the Voged, was holding a "thing" in the house, and as the steamer for the south would not arrive at the mouth of the river till the next evening, I was determined to enjoy a little pleasant society. We took our meals in company. There was

an air of quiet politeness and good breeding about these people that was all the more appreciable, after a day or two spent among the Aborigines.

I observed that the lady of the house and her daughter were nursing a baby, which seemed to be in an agony of pain, with the most tender attention. The mother of this child, as I learnt, was a young person who had formerly been the housekeeper in the mansion. A year ago she went to visit her friends in the south, who were in straitened circumstances, but highly respectable. The captain of a vessel of Vadsö, which lay in the bay, offered to give her a passage gratis. Her means being very limited, she accepted the offer. On the voyage, he managed to effect her ruin under promise of marriage. Months had passed away—an infant was born—and she had to give up her situation, her only means of support. The good lady, however, had obtained a lodging for her at a Huusman's close by, and was maintaining

her and her infant for the present. The child had grown sick, and the mother was pining away with shame and disappointment. But still she fondly clung to the hope that the captain, who was a Dane, would fulfil his promise. He had written more than once to say he was coming. He was known to be at Wadsö, and it was expected that by this very steamer he would arrive to make her an honest woman. I may as well finish the story by saying, that I afterwards learned that neither he, nor any tidings of him, came. So that I was not sorry to have left a trifle with the lady for the poor girl's benefit. The law of affiliation prevails in Norway, but I understood that it is very difficult to make it touch the delinquent, if he is a foreigner, and not settled in the country.

At Guldholmen, which lies at the mouth of the river, I had a delicious plunge from the rocks into a cool salt-water bath of great depth. Such a thing had evidently never been heard of in those parts before. The

Laps who crowded round to see the phenomenon, seemed at first lost in astonishment at the boldness of the act ; but I have no doubt that I became the residuary legatee of unmitigated contempt for my pains.

One of these people had shot a seal half an hour before ; but he had sunk in deep water, and was lost. A number of these animals, which were lolling lazily on the sand-banks, rolled into the water as we passed by to meet the steamer, and followed in the wake of our boat, with their black heads sticking out of water, like a party of school-boys having a lark. I had nothing with me but No. 3 shot, so that I could only give them a gentle titillation.

The steamer arrived punctual to its time, and I found my friends and impedimenta on board. The Russian Consul-General having doubtless satisfied himself how the ground lay up in the north, and drawn up the heads of a report to the Czar, his master, was now returning to Christiania. So neatly and

trimly was he dressed, so silken and polite his air, that some Norwegians on board were evidently enamoured of his company. Look at those Tromsö merchants, how they are toadying him.

“ Will Herr General-Consul like to do this ? Will not Herr General-Consul have the goodness to walk down stairs to dinner before me ? ” and so forth.

One sturdy Norwegian, a Mr. —, who is well known to Englishmen on the Alten, for his daring and independence, was disgusted beyond measure at the way in which his countrymen were kissing the rod.

“ It is about that unpleasant matter of the boundaries between Russia and us, that the Czar’s emissary has been up to Wadsö,” said Mr. —, indignantly. “ His object is just to feel the people’s pulses about a change of rulers. And he will doubtless report to his master how courteous and attentive they are, and how glad they will be of the change. Why don’t these

shop-keepers maintain a dignified reserve, and shew that their eyes are open. I fear, Sir," he concluded, "this scene will give you a poor notion of our Scandinavian love of independence. But don't judge of the whole nation by these men. They think it is for their interest to stand well with Russia, as a great part of their business is with that country; and so they don't care how servilely they wag the tail."

Nor was my respect for the Muscovite exquisite increased, on hearing ~~that~~ he had complained to the Captain of the slovenliness of those Englishmen.

"Really one of them had a hole in his coat,"—no wonder after a week or two spent in the solitudes of Lapland—"and his hat (a wide-awake) was not at all *comme il faut*. Positively he felt a difficulty in sitting down at dinner with ~~such~~ people. And then one of them had ~~some~~ poison (arsenic, he understood) with which he was smearing those filthy bird-skins. It was dangerous. It was shocking."

“ It was a great shame, so it was,” murmured I, “ that villainous—Muscovites—” But no, that is a misquotation ; the rest of my thought did not find words.

The “ Grev” was on board bound southward. He had heard of a bear having been seen in the island of Senjen below Tromsö ; and he had determined to make some stay in that neighbourhood. Horatius and portwine are still continually in his mouth ; but as my reader must by this time be tired of him, I shall dismiss him with the remark, that he shot no bears at Gibostad.

At Hammerfest, I had an opportunity of accepting the obliging hospitalities of Mr. Robertson, the British Vice-Consul, who lives across the bay, and is married to a Norwegian lady.

CHAPTER XIII.

Stoppe-sted Klöven — A peculiar taste—The Vøged of Tromsø—Lap Criminals—A Compatriot—The Alten Mining Establishment—Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties—The Swedish Priest Lestadius—Superstition amongst Miners—A good Lemming Year—The fortunate little red-haired Tailor—Norwegian Mining Laws—Archdeacon Möller's "House-boat"—The education of the Clergy—Introduction of the Reformed Faith into Norway — A Martyr's Monument — The Fighting men of Norway—Ole Madsen Engelstrup.

WE will now make a jump of a year, and take up the narrative where I left the Malanger late one evening, in the summer of 1855.

With great regret did we depart from this out-of-the-world region. Often I found my-

self stopping to listen to the sound of the falls, which seemed to murmur a farewell to us through the depths of the forest. Many times I turned to look again on the glorious *lis-tind*, the snowy sides of which was bathed in a rich purple glow. .

After alternately walking and boating all night, and shooting several ptarmigan and black-cock on the road, we crossed the fjord and arrived at the "Stoppe-sted Klöven;" the residence of the excellent postmaster and merchant, Mr. Mö. We had just time to breakfast, when the look-out man, on a hill near, gave a signal that the steamer from Tromsö was approaching. We were soon on board, and our luggage placed in the hold, and the game delivered to the cook. It will taste all the better to the Norwegians at dinner for being killed this morning. Indeed, with the exception of the Chinese, who eat rotten eggs with much gusto, I am not aware that any other nation but the English, likes food "high."

I had in my possession a thick rope twelve yards in length, which I had brought from England, and which was of great use to me in binding my luggage on the cariole. Thrice, in the night, had our attendants cast eyes on this rope, and tried secretly to become possessed of it, but thrice I had prevented them. On our coming on board, it was missing, so that they succeeded in outwitting me after all.

Mr. —, the Voged of Tromsö, who was on board, heard me inquiring for the rope, and immediately saw how matters stood.

“That is the worst, Sir, of these peasants,” said he, “they *will* pocket small articles. What did the boatmen charge you over the fjord?”

“Seven orts.”

“Infamous! twice the real fare. But these fellows live in my district, and I am determined to take notice of it.”

On the steamer was a Lap who had been convicted of reindeer ‘lifting.’ This crime, I learnt, is not uncommon; but another one

has recently come into fashion, the first fruits of the Czar's edict against transgressing the boundary. Evil disposed fellows have been detected driving the deer of the Norwegian Laps on to the Russian ground, and then giving information to the Russian authorities, which entitles them to a reward.

There were two other Laps on board, who had been implicated in the murder of the Lehnsmen at Karetokeino. They were heavily manacled and kept below in the hold. To judge by the audacious "ticket of leave" look stamped on the faces of both, they will be much better in the "Tugthaus," (House of Correction), at Trondjem than at large.

Going below to make myself more presentable after the fatigues of the night march, I saw a portly, good-humoured looking gentleman engaged in completing his toilette. The diligence with which he addressed himself to his matutinal ablutions, at once convinced me that he must be a compatriot. And so it turned out. This was Mr. T—, King T—, as he is called, the worthy director of the Alten

Mining Company, who has lived twenty years in Norway. Right glad we were to meet such a companionable and well-informed gentleman. From his long residence in the country, he knows more about it than most people.

The establishment at Alten is conducted on a very large scale. Several hundred men are employed. There is a resident medical man at the works. Schools and reading-rooms have also been set on foot. Mr. T—— is responsible for the well-working of the whole; and, I believe, that under his sceptre, a vast deal has been done to ameliorate the condition of his dependants.

Upon the whole, he has formed a very favourable estimate of the Norwegians; and the Laps, in his opinion, have very much that is good in them. Some of them are remarkably clever. There was one young Lap, he informed me, who, exhibiting more than ordinary intelligence, had been sent by him to the seminary at Tromsö. When the steamer arrived at that place, his *protégé*

came on board, overjoyed at seeing his benefactor. Turning himself round with much complaisance, the youth then asked Mr. T—— what he thought of his coat.

“Very becoming,” replied Mr. T——.

“I made it all myself,” rejoined the Lap. “In my leisure hours, I have been learning tailoring; and now I am going to a shoemaker to learn how to make shoes.”

An instance of the pursuit of the knowledge of “common things” under difficulties, which would delight my Lord Ashburton.

Lestadius, the Swedish priest, who inflamed the fanaticism of the Laps, from whence ensued the disastrous consequences above recorded, was no stranger to Mr. T——. At one time, he was a great botanist, and formed a very good collection of dried plants. Hearing of an English customer for them, Mr. T——, knowing that Lestadius was very poor, offered to dispose of the whole at any price he would name. This produced a strange epistle, in which Mr. Lestadius informed Mr. T——

that he had ceased to study botany, and had taken exclusively to the study of psychology. This letter was soon followed by another, urging Mr. T—— to give up wine and the world at large, or he would infallibly go to perdition. Not long after, the quiet of the mines was disturbed by an invasion of fanatic missionaries under the auspices of Lestadius.

The ferment is now gradually subsiding. It may be easily imagined that the minds of superstitious and ignorant people, working in the recesses of the earth, would be prone to enter headlong into exaggerated views, such as this zealot inculcates. One of the superstitions current among them is, that there is a Brownie in the mine. They often see him when at work. He is dressed in grey, with a pointed cap on his head, and hops lightly on in front of them through the gloomy passages. On such occasions, they pretend not to observe him, for fear that he should be disturbed. This would be

very unlucky, for, as everybody knows, he gives them a helping hand in their labour.

Mr. T—— has seen a great deal of mountain life. He not unfrequently sleeps on the fjeld in all weathers. On such occasions, his bed is a stout bag of reindeer skin, into which he crawls, under the lee of some rock or other eminence. No cold will penetrate through this covering, when drawn properly over the head.

“And how about those lemmings,” I inquired.

It was not much that Mr. T—— could add to unriddle this enigma in the Natural History of the country. He could testify to the fact of their swimming over arms of the sea; as he has frequently heard them splashing along in the water, while crossing the fjords at night. Strangely enough, though the connection is not apparent, when it is a good lemming year, it is sure to be a good rype year also. There is no doubt, as is stated elsewhere, that the reindeer fre-

quently pursue them, but whether, as the Laps aver, they eat them, Mr. T—— considered to be, at least, doubtful.

The object of his journey to the south may, perhaps, be worth noticing, as it throws some light on the laws of the country respecting mines. A little red-haired tailor of the Luffodens, while on a visit at Alsterhaug, the station below the mountains of the Seven Sisters, had the good fortune to discover a vein of silver cropping out of a ravine. Being too poor himself to undertake the mining of it, he has offered to sell the venture to Mr. T——, who is going down to inspect it. On the result of this journey will depend whether the finder shall be a man or a mouse for the rest of his days ; whether he shall, in other words, become the owner of a couple of thousand dollars, or travel about with his shears and goose, and pick up a scanty subsistence.

“There is a tide in the affairs of men.” The little fellow, who is on board, seems to think, at one moment, that his tide is come,

and walks erect, with an air of great importance. At another, his mind apparently misgives him, and he becomes the subdued starveling snip of heretofore. His trade is by no means a brilliant one, as may readily be conceived, when every garment worn is of home manufacture.

Singularly enough, by the law of Norway, the person who chances to discover a mine—it matters not on whose ground—is entitled to one half the produce of it. The other half belongs to the owner of the soil; but only on condition that he bears half the expense of working the mine. In case he refuses to share in this burden, the whole produce falls to the worker. But, by neglecting to commence working for a whole year after the discovery, the finder's right lapses. The owner of the soil in this case is Mr. Brodkorb, mentioned in a former chapter, the Magnus Troll of these parts, and one of the wealthiest proprietors of Norway. He declines, I hear, to have anything to do with the matter.

Among the passengers is a robustious old gentleman, Archdeacon Möller of Throndenæs. He is on his yearly visitation tour. His conveyance, which meets him at one of the stations, is worth describing. It is one of the boats of the country, with stem and stern sharp-pointed, and exactly alike. When the sail is not up, it is propelled by six sturdy fellows, each rowing a pair of sculls. Instead of row-locks, these people always use a single pin, which is not perpendicular, but inclined forward. To prevent the oar slipping forward, it is confined in a ring of stout birch-twigs, first peeled, and then twisted to give it greater strength. This twig is run through a hole in the bulwark, and then knotted. As this material is not everlasting, the prudent traveller will always see that there is a supply of extra birch-twigs in the boat before starting on an expedition. The absence of this precaution has led to dreadful accidents in Norway ; especially in the rivers.

But to return to the “Huusbaad” “house-

boat" as it is called. Aft, there is an awning or shed, under which the passengers are stowed. In this case, the arrangements appear unexceptionable. A couch, covered with furs, a table, and small stove for cooking. And last, not least, a meerschaum pipe of large dimensions, inhaling the fumes from which the worthy Probst will have leisure to reflect on the state of his archdeaconry, and what he shall have for dinner. This means of locomotion—though, perhaps, not equal to the luxurious house-boats which convey the Nuneham parties down the river at Oxford Commemorations, is considered here the acme of comfort. The Voged and Sorenskriver when they are going circuit, always travel over sea in this manner.

When the Probst arrives at Tranö whither he is bound, all the school children for many miles round will be examined before him in the *Hoved Kirke*, "mother church," in the presence of their respective teachers. The Probst, I may here remark is

chosen to this office by his clerical brethren of the archdeaconry.

In Norway, matters are very simple in respect to the education of the clergy. If a youth is destined for the church, he goes to study divinity at the University at Christiania. Before he is allowed to officiate, he has to preach a sermon before the bishop and two professors at some church in the capital; a copy of which he is bound to send to these officials eight days before; they having previously fixed the thesis. After this, he examines the children in their presence. No subsequent examination by a bishop, or attending at theological training colleges, which in England have been by some objected to—whether rightly or not we cannot say—on the ground that they may become the vehicle for spreading certain theological views, is required. In Norway, the university degree, together with the above-mentioned simple tests, are what is required and nothing more.

From all that I have observed in this

country, the clergy as a body are beloved and respected by their parishioners, while these on the other hand, are generally docile, and easily guided. Such, however, was not the case at the period when the Reformed Faith was violently introduced into this country by the Danish rulers. The sturdy peasants had no notion of such interference, and, in many instances, signified their displeasure at the new state of things by murdering their pastor. Well authenticated stories of such acts of violence are not wanting. In those days, a priest needed not only a strong head, but a strong hand also.

In Jondal churchyard, in the Hardanger, there are some deep holes on a grave-stone, which the peasants say were worn by the blood of the priest, who was murdered there by the peasants, for casting their idols into the river, and trying to root out some of their Popish usages.

I have heard a story of a curious incident, which took place not so many years ago in

Hallingdal in the south. The people of that valley are the fighting men of Norway. At the period in question, there was one man who was cock of the walk, and kept all his neighbours in awe of him. A new priest came to the valley, and he had hardly taken possession of the parsonage, when this peasant waited on him with a challenge to fight. His reverence, of course declined. Upon which, this model parishioner expressed his resolve to thrash him if he did not; and forthwith, in spite of warning to desist, commenced the attack. The peasant was immensely strong, but it so happened that the priest was very strong also, and he gave the bully such a drubbing, that he was lamed for life. Indeed, this propensity to commit assault and battery upon the priest is traditional in Hallingdal. Long after the Reformation, the people of these parts continued to have a bad name in consequence, so that for a long time not a man could be found to take the living. At last, a Dane possessed of

great personal strength and courage, ventured up into the valley. One of the customs of that day was for every peasant to bring his axe with him to church, which he placed, during the service, in what was called the weapon-house. When the sermon was over, and the people went to regain their axes, brawls often occurred, which ended in bloodshed. To put a stop to this, an order was issued by the government, that no peasant should come armed to church. Nevertheless, on the next Sunday, a proud old peasant tramped thitherward axe in hand. Of course, he did so for the same reason that a Paddy once gave me for carrying his shillelah to mass at Glengariff. "Sure, yer honour, it's for fear of a row." The priest, observing this act of disobedience, advanced to meet him, and said, "Don't you know the order of the king?" With this he snatched the weapon from him in the presence of all the people. This slight, cut the haughty old fellow to the heart. He fell

sick, and on his death-bed bade his young son demand satisfaction of the priest.

His father's last words so dwelt on the youth's mind, that he could not rest. One evening, when the pastor sat alone in his study, the son came in and stood with his gun near the door.

"What would'st thou, my son?" asked the priest, when he became aware of his presence.

"I am come to claim compensation for my father's axe;" answered the youth, with a firm voice.

Repenting of the public slight he had put upon the father, the priest went to the book-case, took from it a Bible, and replied,

"Thou shalt have it—see! here, my son, is the dearest thing I possess on earth. Take it, and begone."

The lad was so moved with this solemn address, that he fell at the priest's feet, and besought his forgiveness; confessing that he had come thither with the fixed determination

to shoot him dead. From that day forward, he became the priest's true friend and faithful fellow-worker. This transaction has been dramatized by Bishop Munk.

The clergyman's name was Ole Madsen Engelstrup; and his parish that of Aall, where he was the eighth rector after the Reformation. Besides possessing great strength and presence of mind, he is described to have been a righteous and zealous clergyman. At one time his spiritual zeal provoked the wrath of the bonders. Three of them waylaid him in a solitary wood for the purpose of taking away his life. But he managed to put them all to flight, escaping with a cut on the right cheek, which left a formidable scar. He died in 1716. His portrait is still to be seen in the church; and the scar was some years ago visible on his corpse, which was placed under the floor of the edifice.

CHAPTER XIV.

Arrival at Rypö—Betrothal in Norway—A Marriage in High Life — The Honeymoon — General Aspect of Rypö—A Norwegian Farm—Mistaken Kindness—A Dangerous Companion—A Norwegian Sportsman—The Urwand — Trout Fishing—The Golden Eagle—The Bird of Odin—Method of Catching Eagles—Magpies —Scarcity of Timber.

AFTER a few hours' sail, we arrived at a station, which I shall call Rypö, situated upon an island on the oceanic side of the Luffodens, in which neighbourhood we purposed making some stay for the sake of the ptarmigan shooting.

The usual crowd of ladies came off to the steamer, although it is one o'clock, A.M., Miss — among the number. On the fourth finger of her left hand is a ring, betokening

that she has become engaged, "forlovet," since we were here last year.

Betrothal is a very important affair in this country. The custom is for a young lady, when she becomes engaged, to exchange rings with her lover. These rings are retained ever afterwards; no additional ring being placed upon the finger of the bride at marriage, as with us. While on a subject so interesting to the fair sex, I may be excused for giving a slight account of a "marriage in high life," which took place while we were on the island.

The bride was the sister of the Sorenscriver, *i. e.*, the criminal as well as civil judge of the district, who lived on a neighbouring island. The bridal *cortège* "brudefærd," crossed the water in great state. A fiddler sat in the boat playing lively airs, while cannon resounded from the shore, and the church bells rang out merrily over the water.

On landing, the bride walked to the priest's, and was then arrayed in her wedding garments. She wore a dress of white silk, and on her head

a wreath of flowers; while a veil descended over her shoulders almost to her feet, the face being left uncovered. Three o'clock P.M. was the time for performing the ceremony. The service commenced with a psalm tune played by the organist. The whole concluded with a lengthened address, delivered by the priest on the desirability of marriage, and the various marital duties. The good qualities of the happy pair came in for a share of his eloquence, and it was proved to the satisfaction of all present, that she would make a very excellent wife, and he a no less excellent husband. For the above oration, the reverend gentleman receives a fee of twenty dollars. He is equally eloquent at funerals, provided he is paid for it. Festivities were kept up at the home of the bride for four successive days, dancing being prolonged the first evening till six o'clock next morning.

The honeymoon in this country is called "Hvede-bröd Dagen," white-bread days; a name indicating the scarcity of that delicacy in

a general way. The happy pair never dream of posting off as they do in England, to spend the honeymoon out of sight of their friends.

“What a very strange custom, to be sure,” said a young lady to me, who had been inquiring very anxiously how we managed these things in England.

The people up here are very proud of this island, which they call “meget smuk,” very pretty. It is about fourteen miles in diameter ; and the interior is occupied by mountains of considerable height, intersected by short valleys running up from the sea. Between the cliffs and the sea-shore is a broad belt of flat, turfy soil, which, in many places, grows barley and potatoes. This is the only inhabited part of the island. Hidden among the mountains are several lakes, the feeders of numerous brooks which steal through copses of stunted birch. More suitable ground for the wood-ptarmigan could not be found.

The house at which we stop is one of the best that I have seen in this country. It is

picturesquely situated on the shore facing the outer side of the snow-capped pyramids of the Luffoden range, distant about seven miles across the water. Around it are patches of grass and corn-land ; and behind, at a distance of a quarter of a mile, is a line of steep hills clad with dwarf juniper and birch. Our hostess is a widow. Her husband, a merchant and landowner, was drowned some years ago in the fjord ; and his body was never found. She keeps seventy cows, and as many sheep. These are driven a-field, or rather a-mountain, every morning in the summer. They have a range of, at least, seven miles in length, and perhaps four in breadth ; and the grass grows in great luxuriance under the shadow of the birch thickets. Each cow has its separate name, and they are always milked in regular order. This great extent of pasture would support twice that quantity of cattle ; but they tell me that it would be impossible to feed them in the winter, when they are, of course, all under cover.

As usual, an enormous number of strapping male and female domestics are to be found about the premises. To see them sit down to their meals, and the quantity of food they consume, is most astonishing.

The twofold business carried on by the lady, of merchant and landowner, requires, I understand, a much greater number of servants than if she attended exclusively to one occupation. And this is the great disadvantage under which all the inhabitants of the coast labour ; as they must carry on two trades at once, in order to make a living.

The three daughters, Hilda, Kirstine, and Marie, take it in turn, week about, to conduct this large establishment, (styre gaarden), which they do to admiration. Every detail of cookery and domestic management is thus attended to by each of them in order. But they are by no means deficient in what are called modern accomplishments, having been educated at Bergen. They all sing and play on the piano, a very excellent one of German

manufacture, and are adepts in dancing ; and while there is a quiet purpose-like air in their behaviour, their native gentleness and good humour never fail to make their society extremely agreeable. Solid and estimable qualities, real kindness, sterling good sense, and unaffected simplicity, are, after all, of the most importance.

After fagging all day out shooting, it was quite an unlooked-for treat, in these latitudes, to go into the drawing-room and hear a simple Norwegian national air sung with much feeling, or have a swing round in a waltz, or see the looks of interest with which they listened as we expounded to them some peculiarity of English customs.

Two other families reside on the premises : the procurator or barrister, who practises in the Sorenskriver's court, and a medical man. Both these gentlemen became infected with a passion for sporting on seeing the result of our first day's shooting. At the doctor's special request, one of us wrote down for him

the words of command for a sporting dog : *e. g.* "down charge," "hold up," "seek dead." For the rest of the day he was conning this lesson over with much diligence, until he felt certain he was quite perfect. Next day he was to be of our party, and it was evident he looked forward to the excursion as an affair of great moment. On summoning the dogs after breakfast, I found, to my consternation, that they were distended like drums. The doctor had caused them to be fed, in order, as he said, that they might be able to stand the fatigue, as the ground was rough. Of course, for the first hour or two, the poor creatures were ready to burst. "Statkels," *i. e.*, "poor fellow," said the ladies, "who would ever think of taking out a dog for such a long time without giving him 'mad,' meat." They evidently judge of dogs from men. It is the standing rule here for a boatman or guide to gorge himself, before starting, with quantities of porridge and milk. But, apparently, the strength of the food

ingurgitated does not carry them far. For long before an Englishman would think of feeding, they produce, with a business-like air, flad-brod and butter, and fall to as if they were starving.

Our friend the doctor, I found, was a most dangerous companion, and not less formidable to himself. The golden rule of the sportsman, "look at your gun, but never let your gun look at you," was, apparently, unknown to him. One old dog hanging behind, the doctor became somewhat impatient, and exclaimed vehemently, "Down charge," when the animal dropped at once, to our no small amusement. Several coveys of ptarmigan rose, but our friend never fired his piece. Suddenly, however, I saw him standing still, taking long and deliberate aim. Immediately after the explosion of the piece, we heard repeated, in jubilant tones, "Jeg traf," I have hit him. The cause of this exclamation was an old cock ptarmigan, sitting in a bosquet about five yards from the marksman,

and which was, of course, blown to ribands. The doctor deposited his spoil in our shooting bag, which he carried at his own request. After this, he made one or two abortive attempts to shoot flying, and finally left us to go home, knocked up with the pace which we had purposely improved, in order to shake off so dangerous a companion.

The procurator has taken to shooting also, but he does not often waste powder and shot upon birds in flight. The juniper bushes that creep on the higher slopes of the valley abound with black game. Last winter, while the procurator was in pursuit of these birds, he suddenly felt the snow under his feet in a state of locomotion. In fact, he was upon a small avalanche, which carried him downwards with great swiftness. Luckily for him, he managed to cling to a tree which was uncovered, or his sporting days would have been effectually stopped.

He was a passionate fisherman, and used to take plenty of trout out of a beautiful

brook that hurried down our favourite shooting valley.

Sometimes as many as forty ptarmigan (*lagopus saliceti*) would rise at once out of the dwarf willows clustering about the stream, while now and then snipes, which only just missed being woodcocks, so large were they, sprang out of the bank of a side rivulet, dropping again in the multibær beds not far off. There was one lake near the centre of the island called the Ur-wand, or fountain head, the trout of which were celebrated for their strength and gameness. The situation of the piece of water was very peculiar. It lay at a considerable height above the sea level, and close under a sharp serrated ridge of mountain about two thousand feet high, by which it was encompassed on all sides but one. This, and the other sequestered tarns in the vicinity, had each its brood of red-necked divers. While the female remained with the young, the male was busily employed in hunting fish for their consumption. Wild

ducks and teals were not wanting, and, on more than one occasion, introduced a variety into our well-filled larder.

The trout, I found, took the fly readily, and did not at all belie their reputation. Though I have caught trout of all sizes, and in various countries, I can safely say that I have never encountered any thing at all equal to the fish of the "Ur-wand" for strength and agility. A fish of three pounds battled with me most persistently for several minutes, although I had a very stiff rod and strong tackle. Had the water been a stream, instead of still water, I could hardly imagine any finer sport for the angler.

In an idle hour I had constructed an "otter,"—a most disreputable method of taking fish I grant,—but I made it more for the purpose of astonishing the natives than anything else, and in this I succeeded to a marvel; though the want of swivels, and the shortness of our line, prevented us from doing much execution with it. Never did North

American Indian, on seeing for the first time a steamer approaching their shores without any apparent motive power, express greater astonishment than did the Procurator, and the rest, when the "otter" struck out boldly into the lake at my bidding.

"Unaccountable!" "Wonderful!" were the only words that escaped the lips of the bystanders.

The banks of some of these tarns were the resort of the ravens and Royston crows, who repaired hither for the purpose of eating the eggs of the ptarmigan which they have filched. The moss was strewn with numerous fragments of egg-shells, as well as empty *echini*.

But the great enemies of the ptarmigan are the falcons and eagles. The latter hatch their young in some of the inaccessible precipices in the centre of the island. Seldom did a day pass without one seeing either a ring-tailed or golden eagle; oftener the former. Once or twice, when both barrels were discharged at

ptarmigan or snipes, one of these magnificent birds would rise out of a birch thicket close by us. Now and then they would soar overhead, attracted apparently by the dogs, but always beyond the reach of injury. We could hear the shot rattle against their plumage, and they would at the same time give a slight quiver, and then sail away with unconcerned dignity.

At this season of the year, ptarmigan is their chief food; but they not unfrequently carry off a sheep, and a short time ago one of them committed an act of rapacity rather out of the common way. A lady was walking along the shore road accompanied by her poodle, when an eagle swooped down and carried off her little favourite before her eyes.

The bird of Odin, the raven,* is uncom-

* Odin had two of these birds, which were let loose every morning to collect intelligence of what was going on in the world. In the evening they returned, and perching upon Odin's shoulders, whispered in his ears the result of their observations.—*Icelandic Traditions*.

monly abundant in all these islands. My companion shot six of them one morning. Once I had an opportunity of observing their daring nature. Two of them, croaking fiercely, and flapping their great sable pinions, were in hot pursuit of a white-tailed eagle. Whichever way he turned they darted, and rushed across him, till he seemed fairly cowed, and at last settled on a high projecting cliff near us, when his tormentors did the same. A counsel of war was then held, and an armistice concluded, for the bird of Jove was permitted after some delay, to go about his business unmolested. It is possible that our proximity might have led to this peaceful termination of the contest.

The number of eagles, principally the white-tailed variety, that frequent the Luffodens, is almost incredible. The Voged, Mr. —, whose kind hospitality, and that of his amiable lady, we several times partook of, told me that in the spring of the year, a peasant, I think from the island of Röst,

brought him no less than sixty pairs of eagles' claws, for which he received a reward of thirty dollars.

The method of taking these birds is this : a small chimney-shaped hut, is constructed about five feet in height ; across the opening at the top is placed a stout stick, and fastened to this are the remains of some dead animal. One or two men are concealed within. Attracted by the bait, the eagles settle on the stick and are immediately dragged down below and dispatched—the place being too narrow to admit of their using their wings. The Voged informs me that the scanty population of these waste isles are unacquainted with the use of fire-arms. A somewhat similar method is pursued for the capture of vultures in the East.

Galton relates that a raw ox hide is spread on the ground, under which creeps a man with a stout cord. When the bird flies down upon the bait, his legs are seized and bound tight in the skin as in a bag. All his flap-

ping is useless, and he is quickly despatched by one or two other men who are in ambush close by. This reminds us of the method of taking ducks in Australia and China by pulling them under water.

All travellers in Norway must have observed the great number of magpies that congregate near the dwellings of men. But this island out-magpies any that I have seen. I counted no less than forty pursuing my dog the other day all at one time. While engaged in skinning a diver in an out-house, I was beset by a squad of them, clamorously demanding a portion of the body. Remembering the story in Izaak Walton of the person who caught swallows with an artificial fly from a church steeple, I had recourse to a similar expedient, in order to make an example of the interlopers. Baiting a small hook with a piece of diver, I attached it to my trout line. No sooner was the dainty morsel on the ground, than it was seized by one of them. Before he could swallow it,

I hooked him in the mouth, and after playing him for a space, gradually wound him up, to the infinite horror of his companions, who immediately took to flight, their vehement objurgations gradually subsiding into a subdued note of plaintive commiseration.

The good folks of the house, on seeing the proceeds of my angling, begged for the captive's life; which, of course, I never meant to take. They looked upon me much in the same light, as an Indian zealot would at the impious destroyer of a sacred ape.

The Sörensriver, when he first came to reside in this neighbourhood being a man of enlightenment, and superior to popular prejudices, used to make war upon the magpies. A girl in his service begged him not to do so, as it would surely bring him ill-luck. Soon after this, his wife died in child-bed. On this the girl remarked, "Did not I say so? This comes of killing the magpies," and forthwith she left his service.

Outside some of the cottages on the

island, I observed pegs placed, for the magpies to build against : it being thought that their presence brings good luck to the house.

In all these outer islands, which are exposed to the full force of the ocean blasts, there is a great scarcity of timber. The pine is not visible : while that most hardy of all trees—the birch—in his writhings under the windy influences, is contorted and stiffened into all sorts of shapes, like one forced by the mesmeric current. Fortunately for the inhabitants, the supply of turf is inexhaustible ; and they say it makes better fires than wood. A great quantity of land might be made productive, if, instead of digging square turf pits, the inhabitants would run trenches across the swamps bordering on the sea : by which means the surface water might be easily drained. The climate, moreover, of the district might thus be materially improved. It being notorious, as in the case of Canada and the United States, that the

healthiness of a country increases in proportion to the increase of cultivation. But, hitherto, nothing of the kind has been attempted. Indeed, the only part of Norway where any regular attempt at drainage has been made is in Romsdal. And, in proof of its novelty, the papers have lately been full of the subject. "Tappe myrenere," *i. e.* "tap the moors," is the expressive phrase for the operation.

"No product there the barren hills afford," is a line by no means applicable to this island. More than once, while wandering about, I heard voices as if from the clouds, and looking up an almost perpendicular slope, after a careful examination, at last perceived men, at a very great height, engaged in mowing.

The Jaegt, belonging to our hostess, having been unfortunately wrecked last year; Piers Larsen, the captain, was commissioned to repair to Trondjem, for the purpose of buying another to replace it. The one he selected was still on the stocks. The night

before it was launched, when the workmen had finished their labours for the day, he was walking, he told me, near the ship-yard, when he heard a bustling noise on board.

“And what was it,” I inquired.

“The underground people — ‘unterjordische’—to be sure,” replied he. “They were hard at work, finishing off the vessel.”

On being asked why he did not go and have a look at them.

“No, no,” he answered ; “I should never dream of doing that. I might have disturbed them ; and that would have been very unlucky.”

He was convinced, he added, that the new ship would have good luck ; as the “Nissen” would never have put hands to so perishable a thing as a vessel, unless it was going to be long-lived and lucky.

CHAPTER XV.

A Fishing Excursion to Vaagö—Ptarmigan Shooting—The Black Fox—Andö—Wild Geese—Wild Swans—A Place of Call for Aquatic Birds—Ermine Weasels—Puffins—The Fall of the Year—Breakers Ahead—Autumnal Scenery—An Instance of Norwegian Politeness—A Solitary Beggar—An Aged Crone—A New Road to Kongswold—The Norwegian and Swedish Laws of Divorce—Curious Cavalcade—Paul Tofte—An Unpatriotic Portrait—Preparations for Winter—The Kringelen Pass—The Scene of a Tragedy—Traffic on the Main Roads—The Railway between Christiania and Lake Miöen—Dale Gudbrad—The Advantages of English Management—Elk Venison—An Uninteresting Mode of Hunting—A Fatal Mistake—Conclusion.

ONE day we sailed across the Sound, to Vaagö, one of the Luffodens, on a fishing excursion. The scene of our sport was very striking; and such as is not to be found out

of Norway. The mountains on this island range from three to four thousand feet in height. Following a small stream for a few hundred yards from the sea, we found ourselves on the shores of a lake pent in by almost perpendicular mountains: immense fragments of which had been hurled down, and lay split and shivered in all directions. Some of them still proudly retained their original upright position, and crowns of moss and shrubs, although they had come down in the world; calling to my mind the man who still valiantly fought upon his stumps, when his height had been shortened a good half.

Leaving the Procurator to fish in what he called the best spot in the lake, I scrambled through a labyrinth of rocks to the upper end, guided by a silver thread hanging from the distant rocks. This I knew to be a stream from the plateau above; about the mouth of which the fish would be sure to congregate. Some fifty beautiful char, none of them large, were soon in my basket: while

my companions, I found, only caught a dozen trout, some of them, however, of a pretty good size.

We also made an excursion to Sortland, on Langö, where I shot plenty of both kinds of ptarmigan. The Scotch species (*Lagopus vulgaris*) were, as usual, on the grey rocks, which they so exactly resembled in colour, that I should never have seen them, but for the odd sort of noise, something between the croaking of a frog and the coughing of a sheep, which they gave at my approach. More than once, when our guns were empty, a falcon would dart as if from the clouds into a covey of flying ptarmigan ; which generally dropped on the instant in the bushes.

This island is much frequented by the black fox, the fur of which is worn by the royal family and wealthy nobles of Russia. Before the war, the skins were worth from £10 to £15 a-piece, but now they are much fallen in value. A friend of mine saw

twenty black fox-skins at a merchant's on the island, for which there were no customers.

The island of Andö, lying not far off this, is in most evil odour for its bears, and other wild animals. Last winter, one of these animals, pressed by hunger, removed the roof from off a cow-house, but the alarm being given, the peasant stood in the gap with an axe, and foiled Bruin's attempt, but not without a sharp struggle.

Having promised a gentleman on board the steamer to visit him at Vinje, on Langö, I repaired thither accordingly, and met with a most hospitable reception. My host is a merchant, and seemingly of a much more enterprising turn than many of his brethren. He is also a skilful seaman. While I was there, he sailed in one of his jaegts to a very dangerous part of the extreme Luffoden range, for the purpose of recovering some timber which had been cast ashore, from an unfortunate French vessel wrecked there.

From the great difficulty and danger, in consequence of the exposed situation, of taking a vessel thither, he had purchased the deals at a very low price. As good luck would have it, the weather continued favourable, and in a day and night he got the whole on board.

Numbers of wild geese frequent this part of the shore; coming from the outer rocks and islands, to feed upon the short, sweet grass. We used to steal upon them by causing a horse to be driven in front of us. One day, by this means, I wounded four at a shot. The wounded birds immediately scuttled into the water, and commenced diving; and as we had no dog or boat near, we only succeeded in securing one. The rest disappeared, having, as my host said, "bitten themselves fast," at the bottom.

Now and then, we discerned with our glasses, geese sitting on some distant island. Off we set in a boat, and managed to

•
approach very near, when some wretched gulls, who appeared to be hired for the purpose, invariably gave the alarm. Up rose the geese with a loud gabble, and with most provoking deliberation, formed themselves into some mathematical figure, and so made off.

The Norwegian epicures recommend that a wild goose should be buried in the ground for some hours before cooking, as by this means it loses its oily taste.

A deep inlet, a little north of this, is the resort, at the end of September, of numerous wild swans, which generally remain there all the winter. Many of the smaller waders appear here on their road southward in the autumn. I lit upon a flock of ruffs and reeves, feeding in a meadow on the sea-side. But as they were not in their harlequin dress, the females being the colour of the hedge accentor, and the males of a richer brown, I at first did not know what they were. I managed to bag fifteen, and found

them extremely fat, and, of course, most delicate eating. They had most likely just arrived from Lapland, where they are known to breed.

Some flat, muddy sands, which were left dry at low water, and some brackish pools near, were the constant resort of all sorts of aquatic birds. Two or three varieties of ducks, the redshank, *Scolopax calidris*, little ringed plover, red-necked phalarope, (*phalaropus hyperboreus*), as well as curlews, whimbrels, and golden plovers, were generally busily engaged feeding upon the crustacea and marine insects, and allowed us to approach within shot. Indeed, previous to my appearance on the island, I question whether anybody had ever thought of disturbing their tranquillity.

Otters are said to abound on the distant islands. Ermine weazles appear to be very prevalent. Their principal food was said to be the offal of fish. The antics of these elegant little creatures, as they ran off among

the loose stones to their hiding-places, stopping every now and then, and standing perking on their hind-legs, to see what we were doing, was very amusing. They do not begin to assume their delicate white dress till the end of the autumn.

Here, as elsewhere in Norway, I observed the great accuracy with which the people can tell you the time of day, without the aid of a watch, by noting the position of the sun in relation to some high rock, or other fixed point. The measure of time, however, fails, when they get any distance from home, where they have no marks. The reply on such occasions is, "I don't know the sun here."

On the other side of the island, nearly surrounded by a peaty moor, spungy with superabundant moisture, is the church. Close by it, on the sea-shore, is the parsonage. The young clergyman, who has spent many years in Italy, is a rather clever portrait painter. At least, he passes for such up

here. His rooms were hung with the proofs of his skill ; and I understand he is materially improving his income by taking the portraits of his parishioners. At the distance of a mile from the parsonage, is a remarkable tidal lake. It lies about two hundred feet, I should say, above the sea level, and reposes under the shadow of a mountain, which circles round it, and rises to the height of, perhaps, a thousand feet. The water, I understand, rises and falls several inches at regular intervals. It empties itself into the sea by a subterranean channel. This, of course, accounts for the phenomenon. The simple islanders, however, imagine that the ebb and flow of the lake is caused by the ebb and flow of the sea.

There is another island near this, the resort of countless puffins. They have burrowed in the earth like rabbits, and are hunted at times with dogs.

According to the statistical accounts, all the north part of Norway is considered more

salubrious than the south ; the duration of life being greater. When the much lower temperature of these parts in winter is considered, the above is difficult to account for. It must be very trying to some constitutions. I saw more than one fair damask cheek that betrayed signs of incipient consumption. Were it not for the cheapness of cod-liver oil, it would be hard, I think, in some cases, to provide sufficient fuel to make up for the waste caused by the climate. It is a good deal used, up here, in chest complaints.

On our journey southward, it being now the month of September, we were enabled to form an idea of what this iron-bound coast must be in the winter. Summer had suddenly departed, succeeded by storms of wind and snow, which made the passage of the Vest Fjord a formidable affair. The nights were beginning to be dark, and the steamer could not proceed later than ten o'clock. On our arrival at one of the stations, about nine o'clock, it became a question

whether we ought to anchor for the night, or, as we were already much behind time, go to the next station, which was about two hours off. The latter course was imprudently adopted.

About eleven o'clock, when it was computed that we should have arrived at our destination, an alarm was given on board of "breakers ahead." I rushed on deck, followed by several of the passengers, ladies half-dressed among the number. Luckily for us, the wind was right in our teeth, or we must have gone stem on to the rocky islet a few feet before us. We should then, no doubt, have backed off, and, as a matter of course, gone down in the roaring sea. In the darkness of the night, the pilot had lost his bearings. Some said that we were at this place, some at that; and at last it was agreed that nobody knew where we were. What was to be done? Scylla was here, Charybdis there; and so fierce was the storm, that it seemed doubtful whether

we could possibly manage to lay-to, and keep out of harm's way till daylight. Our position reminded me slightly of a man who has to walk through a maze of hot ploughshares blindfold. At all events, quite as much was at stake. Providentially, we escaped damage. But, as an old captain on board remarked to me next morning, "We could not do that twice, Sir, without foundering."

The decks were crowded by unfortunate people, who huddled together to keep themselves warm under their scanty cloaks. They were chiefly persons who had been working up in the North during the summer, and were now returning home with their savings. To render the state of the decks more unpleasant, several barrels of multebær, which were on their way from Lapland to Bergen, having fermented, had burst, and scattered their amber-coloured contents all around. There is another Norwegian berry, which surpasses the mult in flavour—the

okke-bær. It does not grow south of Tromsö. When ripe, it is the colour and size of a blackberry, with a delicious acid taste. Among the cabin passengers, were two young ladies, whose rosy cheeks lost none of their freshness, in spite of our dangers and fatigues. They were very chatty, and told me that they lived on a small island up north, and that they often took boat and rowed across, unaccompanied, to the main-land. They were returning, after the holidays, to school at Bergen.

At Trondjem, we left the vessel and started off per cariole for Christiania. Snow was on the ground, and the weather like winter. The road as far as Socknøes was execrable. Indeed, it seems a universal rule in Norway, that the nearer a town the worse the road. The fast coming cold season had already,

“Painted all the trees with scarlet,
Stained the leaves with red and yellow.”

But were it not for the association of approaching decay, the bright scarlet tints of the leaves would not have been unpleasing. Here and there might be seen the rowan tree (rongen), clinging to the rocks,

“ with narrow leaves and berries red;”

while on the lofty branches of the spruce, which, hereabouts, supersedes the pine; the garrulus infaustus (lavskrige), gracefully poising himself, might be seen descending from cone to cone, careless of the passers-by. I shot a specimen of this bird, which is unknown in England;* and also the lesser pied wood-pecker which was tapping industriously at the hope-pole fencing, hedging the road. In the Guul valley, I saw very large flocks of starlings. While my horse was trotting leisurely along, and I was musing on the objects around, I was disturbed

* Called also Russian crow, and *dysornithia infaustus*. It belongs to the *Corvidæ*. The head and body are smoke-coloured, the rest of the plumage cinnamon.

by a cry from behind. My companion's cariole had collapsed; both wheels had gone to pieces; although the road was level and good. Luckily, he was unhurt, and we were only a few hundred yards from the station at Hof, otherwise great delay would have ensued. A sledge was procured from thence, and the broken-down vehicle placed on this bier, and drawn mournfully into the yard. The station-master had a good cariole which he agreed to sell, allowing a trifle for the wreck. The hot weather had loosened the spokes, and this was the cause of the accident. Summer travellers in Norway, see that your wheels are soused with water, from time to time, or my friend's fate, and a worse one, may befall you!

An amusing instance of Norwegian politeness occurred to me on the road. Some score of soldiers marching past, touched their caps, which salute I returned with a profound reverence.

Travellers will be glad to hear that a new road is about to be constructed higher up the Orke valley, which will entirely supersede the terrific descent and ascent at Bierkager. It will also avoid the angle at Oune, joining the old route again at Ries.

An old woman, poor and miserable-looking, who was gathering juniper twigs, with which the floors are strewn in this country, begged alms of me near Stuen; almost the only beggar I have met with in the country. It is the custom in Norway, in the absence of a poor-house, for the poor to be sent to the various peasants houses in succession, where they abide, and are fed for about six weeks. Never shall I forget an aged crone, who was lodging in this capacity at Lessowerk, in Romsdal. In her face and figure there was scarcely a vestige of humanity. Ninety winters had shrivelled her into something between a mummy and a monkey. It must be very trying to have such an inmate in the house, and the good-natured tolerance, shewn

on such occasions, argues much for the genuine kindness of this people.

At the Drivstuen station, a Norwegian officer of engineers, who had been engaged, I believe, surveying the new line of road, enquired of me, whether in our party, which now consisted of four Englishmen, there was not the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford. With difficulty keeping my countenance, I asked what was the name of the Vice-Chancellor. "Mr. A.," was the reply ;— "Oh yes ! I shall be happy to introduce you to Mr. A." Taking the officer to the "vice-chancellor," who sat in his cariole, I presented him. "Insignissime vice-cancellarie," &c., &c. Those who have the honour to know the gentleman who occupies that dignified position at present, would have been rather amused at this pseudo vice-chancellor. His face was very very red, contrasting oddly with a stupendous beard of Scandinavian whiteness. On his head was a wide-a-wake, the rim of which having been

bitten to pieces by a dog, had been cut off with the exception of a tip just over his eyes. Altogether his appearance might be pronounced rather disreputable than otherwise; and I fear that even judged by Norwegian ideas, he must have looked the reverse of an Oxford Don, which would make this mistake all the more unaccountable.

A new road has at length been constructed by a very gradual ascent, from hence to the Kongswold, whereby the infamous Vaarstige is entirely avoided. The expense was borne by the Storthing. The labourers lived in huts, stuck down near the torrent; and there was a resident surgeon to attend to accidents.

English engineers might, I think, take a lesson here. The slopes of some of the steepest cuttings are strewed with birch-branches, which are pinned down; thus preventing the soil being washed down by the rain until it is covered by a crop of grass.

On the road I encountered an English

traveller, the object of whose peregrinations would not easily be devised. He did not appear to be a sportsman, botanist, geologist, or sketcher. It turned out that he was employed in investigating the law of divorce in this country; and I have no doubt he felt personally interested in the question. With a most cheerful aspect, he informed me that it is remarkably easy to obtain a divorce in Norway; and in Sweden, easier still. An advertisement in the newspaper and proved separation between the parties, for a limited period, speedily effect the business.

When I last travelled this road, over the desolate plateaux of the Dovre, a curious cavalcade met us near Fogstuen. First came several carts loaded with furniture and household stuff. Presently followed, what Sydney Smith would have called "A Shem-Ham-and-Japhet buggy," full of human beings. The driver was an intelligent looking gentleman, muffled in a skin coat, to protect him from the searching air of the mountain, with

a prodigiously long pipe in his mouth. Close behind followed a double cariole, containing what appeared to be one of the higher class of bonders, or yeomen, and his wife. His massive good-tempered countenance, shaggy hair and eyebrows, and bulky form, might have belonged to Dandy Dinmont, at the age of sixty.

This was no less a personage than that Paul Tofte, who traces his descent in a direct line to Harald Harfager, one of the petty kings of Norway. His residence is on the hill overlooking the station at Tofte; which is kept by his son. That worthy scion of a royal line was, I may remark in passing, once my postboy on the road. The gentleman with the long pipe was the priest of the district, who was on his way to Trondjem, having been promoted to take charge of another parish. To do him special honour, Paul Tofte was escorting him as far as Jerkin (a distance of twenty English miles, including an ascent of one thousand six hun-

dred feet), where the priest and his parishioners would bid adieu to each other. I mention the above circumstance as an indication of the good understanding subsisting in this country between the laity and clergy.

At the station-house of Haugen, which is kept by a cheery old dame, the mother of the landlord at Jerkin, hung a picture of the Czar. On a former occasion, one of our party jokingly expostulated with the lady upon having such an unpatriotic portrait, which he proceeded to turn with its back to the wall.

“He is dead, now,” observed the landlady, “so let him hang in peace.”

At Laurgaard, the people appear to be possessed of more liberal sympathies. “Kossuth praying over the grave of the fallen Hungarians,” was the superscription of a coloured German engraving, adorning the “Gjest Stue,” or coffee-room. There is a marked difference in the temperature on this side of the Dovre; the air being several

degrees warmer. On a previous occasion, when descending the valley of Gulbrand, we had a specimen of what the wind can do in this country. Numbers of spruce firs were thrown across the road ; and we had to drive over their prostrate boles ; the horses advancing through the branches, as if they were quite used to it. In the woods that lined the road, numbers might be seen blown down, or leaning against their still upright brethren.

Preparations for winter were also visible in the leafy bundles of birch and alder, which were hanging up to dry, as supplementary fodder for the cattle during the long period, when all nature is covered by a snowy mantle. Irrigation, I also see, is extensively practised, by means of hollowed fir-stems, laid in lines from the springs which descend the cliffs. Were it not for this, the population of this valley, which is numerous, although not a single village is to be seen, would not be able to subsist. In the struggle for a livelihood, the wits of the Gulbrandsdal people have become 'cuter, and they are known as

“speculanten” go-ahead sort of people, in the other parts of the country in consequence.

The steep ascent of the Kringelen Pass, near Soljem, is now avoided, I find; a level road having been constructed close along the river bank. As travellers in Norway are aware, this spot was the scene of a tragedy in the year 1612, resembling in its main features, though it was on a smaller scale, one which took place at the Pontlatzer Bridge in the valley of the Inn in the year 1809. A whole division of the French and Bavarian army were then crushed under an avalanche of rocks which tumbled down upon their heads at the Tyrolese signal, “In the name of the Holy Trinity cut all loose.” The victims at Kringelen were Scotchmen.

Colonel Sinclair landed with nine hundred Scotch soldiers at Vibelungsnæset in Romsdal; and determined upon the hazardous experiment of joining the troops of Gustavus Adolphus, then at war with Christian the Fourth, by marching across the country.

As soon as the news of the invasion reached

Lars Hage, the Lehnsmann of the Dovre, he hurried to the parish church, where service was being held. Striding into the building, he struck thrice upon the floor and cried: "Listen, the foeman is in the land." The congregation upon this immediately broke up, and it was agreed to make a stand at the tremendous pass of Rosten, just north of Laurgaard. Subsequently, it was resolved to lay an ambush, instead, at this place Kringlelen, which from the precipitous nature of the ground overhanging the road, was well adapted for the purpose. A vast quantity of rocks were loosened, and so placed on the verge of the precipice, as to admit of being easily hurled down at a moment's notice. On the opposite side of the river rode a peasant on a white horse, whose orders were to keep alongside of the advancing enemy. A peasant girl was likewise stationed on a hill over the water, with her cow-horn, who was to give a signal by blowing her instrument as soon as the Scotch had fairly fallen into the snare.

These precautions were necessary, as from their ambuscade the peasants could not get a sight of what was passing below.

Everything turned out according to their wishes. Sinclair seems to have had a presentiment of the coming catastrophe. According to the popular account, before starting from Rommud, where he had passed the night, he flashed off some powder by way of taking an omen. The smoke puffed against his breast. This he looked upon as an unlucky portent. Onward marched the Scots, guided by one Peder Klungenes, whom they had violently pressed into their service. The man on the white horse might be seen advancing also on the other side the stream. Presently the strange and melancholy tones of an Alpine horn resounded from a distant height. At the same instant down thundered a mass of stones, and trunks of trees upon the devoted Scots. Berdon Seilstad, who had bitten one of his silver buttons into the shape of a bullet, and loaded his rifle with

it, so as to be sure of his man, who was supposed to bear a charmed life, took aim at Sinclair, and hit him over the left eye, killing him on the spot.

The peasants were some four hundred in number, of whom six only were slain. All the Scotsmen are said to have been butchered but eighteen ; but accounts differ. This feat of the Norskmen has been commemorated in more than one popular ditty ; and a pillar was erected on the spot with an inflated inscription, commencing, " Here fell Sinclair."

This reminds me of an occurrence which I must be excused for inserting here. Some friends of mine while journeying down the valley, not far from this, before the new road was opened, met with an Englishman travelling alone.

" Terrible hilly road, gentlemen," he exclaimed, " one must be very careful to avoid accidents. There is a horrible place called Kringeles down the road, where I should advise you to alight. I did. I see by a

post that a man named Sinclair had once a bad fall there!"

The said monument, by the bye, has been removed, and placed on the new piece of road below.

One thing which particularly strikes the traveller in this country is the small amount of traffic to be met with on the main roads. In winter, when the river Lougen, which flows through this valley, is frozen, and thus offers a fine level course from Laurgaard to Lillehammer and the Miosen, the traffic, I understood, is much brisker. There is now a proposition before the Storting to render the river navigable as far as Laurgaard; and an old gentleman whom I met with on the steamer at Elstad, informed me that he had been appointed by the Government to effect the preliminary survey. It was his opinion that the work could be effected at a moderate expense.

It is only lately that Norway has turned its attention to the importance of giving facilities

for internal communication. In this she is immeasurably behind Sweden, with its well-known Götha Canal. The peasant representatives at the Storthing, I hear, have at length taken the matter up, and are always willing to vote money for the purpose.

The completion of the railway between Christiania and the Lake Miosen, has no doubt given the impulse in this direction. For this most useful, and, I believe, commercially successful undertaking, Norway, like many other countries, has mainly to thank English enterprise, and the exertions of Mr. Crowe, the obliging Consul-General for Great Britain at Christiania. Englishmen have now bought the steamers on the Miosen, as well as the small one which plies on a lake formed by the Lougen below Elstad.

The name of this steamer is Dale Gudbrand. He was an ancient chieftain, from whom the valley takes its name. According to the story, he was the first person, who at the instance of St. Olaf, converted his temple of Thor into a Christian place of

worship. He lived at Hundorp : to the north of which is a mound, under which he is said to be buried.

English management is already beginning to tell on board the steamer across the Miosen. The time of starting is punctually observed ; and, on arriving at Eidswoldbacken, at the other end of the lake, a train is found waiting to carry the traveller to Christiania. By this means the atrocious road, and uncivil station-keepers for the remaining forty miles to the capital, are altogether avoided.

When the steamer anchored at Eidswold, a peasant came on board, and asked me to purchase some Elk venison. In proceeding with him to his boat which lay on the shore, I found two enormous haunches, which he wished to sell me at a small price. But I contented myself with taking a less quantity. I found it delicious eating, although entirely without fat. It is only lately that it has again become legal to shoot this animal. In order to prevent its extermination, a law was passed making it penal to kill the elk for a term of

years. By this means the breed has increased. Its chief haunts are in Osterdalen. An Englishman, whom I met in Norway, described Elk hunting as anything but exciting. He was tied to a dog, which coming upon the track of an elk, set off in pursuit, pulling the Briton after him. For a couple of days was he engaged in this interesting employment, when, his patience failing him, he gave up the game. One of my compatriots has been more successful, having shot, I understand, more than one of these magnificent animals in Osterdalen.

After a three hours' run, we found ourselves in the Victoria Hotel, Christiania, a most comfortable establishment on a very large and handsome scale, which has been opened in the course of the summer by the former proprietor of the Hôtel du Nord.

A gloom rested on the city when we arrived. The new telegraph, which has only just been opened along the coast to Christiania, had inaugurated its operations by a sad piece

of intelligence. The night before, the steamer 'Bergen' left Christiansand for Hamburg. The weather was bright and still. When only a short distance outside the harbour, she met the 'Norge,' a new steamer, and the largest in Norway, on her return voyage from Hamburg. The fatal bungle between putting the helm starboard and port, now so common, took place. The 'Norge' was cut down to the water's edge, and went down almost directly with fifty or sixty people, including several representatives of Norwegian mercantile houses, who were on their way to Hamburg to make their autumn purchases. As yet there were no certain particulars who were lost and who saved, since all the remaining passengers of the ill-fated vessel were placed in quarantine on arriving at Christiansand, in consequence of the cholera being at Hamburg.

The lieutenant of the steamer 'Viken,' by which I travelled to Kiel the next day, told me, with tears in his eyes, that his brother was

one of the passengers, but jumped overboard and was saved. By a curious coincidence, a Norwegian had been bragging to me the day before on the superior safety of the Norsk steamers as compared with the English. It is only right to say that this is the first serious accident of the kind that has happened in the country.

A young student, whom I afterwards found to be the son of the Bishop of Trondjem, and whom I met on the Miosen steamer, politely offered to show me the Christiania Museum. The collection in natural history is good as far as it goes, especially in the ornithological department, and is remarkably well arranged ; but it will not bear comparison with a similar collection at Stockholm, the best in Scandinavia.

At Nyborg, in the Great Belt, I heard, for the second time, of the fall of Sebastopol. This time last year, when travelling by this vessel, we received the first intelligence, which proved to be a hoax. On this occasion,

several particulars were given, which placed the success of the Allies beyond a doubt. Most of the Norwegians and Danes on board expressed great delight at the news—a delight which I believe was sincere.

After a favourable voyage, we arrived at Kiel, where some French men-of-war were lying. Thence we took the rail to Hamburg, and so to England. We had only one regret, at the conclusion of our trip—I can't help expressing it. It was, that we were no longer in Scandinavia.

THE END.

LONDON :

Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.

INTERESTING WORKS.

MEMOIRS OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE RICHARD LALOR SHEIL;

WITH EXTRACTS FROM HIS SPEECHES, LETTERS, AND
CONVERSATIONS, &c.

By TORRENS M'CULLAGH, Esq.

2 vols. post 8vo.

"We feel assured that Mr. M'Cullagh's Work will be received with general satisfaction."—*Literary Gazette*.

"Such a man as Sheil eminently deserved a biography, and Mr. M'Cullagh has, we think, proved himself an exceedingly proper person to undertake it. His narrative is lucid and pleasant, sound and hearty in sentiment, and sensible in dissertation; altogether we may emphatically call this an excellent biography."—*Daily News*.

"In these memoirs ample justice is done to one of Ireland's most brilliant worthies, by which it is shown that Richard Lalor Sheil will ever hold a relative position with such men as Burke and Curran, Sheridan and Moore. The volumes will delight the student and charm the general reader."—*Messenger*.

MR. SHEIL'S LEGAL AND POLITICAL SKETCHES.

2 vols. post 8vo, 21s.

"We can cordially recommend these Sketches as interesting in matter and brilliant in composition. Their literary merit is very great. The revelations of the Jesuits are very remarkable. The sketches of the Irish Bar paint the characters of the leading persons in Irish politics with graphic felicity."—*Athenæum*.

"Of the great power and brilliancy of these papers there can be no second opinion. In the British senate, as in his own native land, the name of Richard Lalor Sheil will be long remembered in connexion with eloquence and learning and with genius. In these volumes he has left a memorial of all the gems of his rich and varied intellect—every phase and line of his versatile and prolific mind."—*Dublin University Magazine*.

"These volumes contain more matter of high and enduring interest to all classes of readers than any publication of equal extent professing to illustrate the social and literary position, or treat of the domestic manners of the country."—*Dublin Mail*.

CHEAP EDITION OF MISS BURNEY'S DIARY.

In Seven Volumes, small 8vo, EMBELLISHED WITH PORTRAITS,

Price only 3s. each, elegantly bound, either of which may be had separately,

**DIARY AND LETTERS
OF
MADAME D'ARBLAY,**

AUTHOR OF "EVELINA," "CECILIA," &c.

INCLUDING THE PERIOD OF

HER RESIDENCE AT THE COURT OF QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.**EDINBURGH REVIEW.**

"Madame D'Arblay lived to be a classic. Time set on her fame, before she went hence, that seal which is seldom set except on the fame of the departed. All those whom we have been accustomed to revere as intellectual patriarchs seemed children when compared with her; for Burke had sat up all night to read her writings, and Johnson had pronounced her superior to Fielding, when Rogers was still a schoolboy, and Southey still in petticoats. Her Diary is written in her earliest and best manner; in true woman's English, clear, natural, and lively. It ought to be consulted by every person who wishes to be well acquainted with the history of our literature and our manners."

TIMES.

"Miss Burney's work ought to be placed beside Boswell's 'Life,' to which it forms an excellent supplement."

LITERARY GAZETTE.

"This publication will take its place in the libraries beside Walpole and Boswell."

MESSENGER.

"This work may be considered a kind of supplement to Boswell's Life of Johnson. It is a beautiful picture of society as it existed in manners, taste, and literature, in the reign of George the Third, drawn by a pencil as vivid and brilliant as that of any of the celebrated persons who composed the circle."

POST.

"Miss Burney's Diary, sparkling with wit, teeming with lively anecdote and delectable gossip, and full of sound and discreet views of persons and things, will be perused with interest by all classes of readers."

CHEAP EDITION OF THE LIVES OF THE QUEENS.

Now complete, in Eight Volumes, post octavo (comprising from 600 to 700 pages each), Price only 7s. 6d. per Volume, elegantly bound, either of which may be had separately, to complete sets,

**LIVES OF THE QUEENS
OF ENGLAND.**

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

Dedicated by Express Permission to her Majesty.

EMBELLISHED WITH PORTRAITS OF EVERY QUEEN,

BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

IN announcing a cheap Edition of this important and interesting work, which has been considered unique in biographical literature, the publishers again beg to direct attention to the following extract from the author's preface:—"A revised edition of the 'Lives of the Queens of England, embodying the important collections which have been brought to light since the appearance of earlier impressions, is now offered to the world, embellished with Portraits of every Queen, from authentic and properly verified sources. The series, commencing with the consort of William the Conqueror, occupies that most interesting and important period of our national chronology, from the death of the last monarch of the Anglo-Saxon line, Edward the Confessor, to the demise of the last sovereign of the royal house of Stuart, Queen Anne, and comprises therein thirty queens who have worn the crown-matrimonial, and four the regal diadem of this realm. We have related the parentage of every queen, described her education, traced the influence of family connexions and national habits on her conduct, both public and private, and given a concise outline of the domestic, as well as the general history of her times, and its effects on her character, and we have done so with singleness of heart, unbiassed by selfish interests or narrow views. Such as they were in life we have endeavoured to portray them, both in

LIVES OF THE QUEENS—*continued.*

good and ill, without regard to any other considerations than the development of the *facts*. Their sayings, their doings, their manners, their costume, will be found faithfully chronicled in this work, which also includes the most interesting of their letters. The hope that the 'Lives of the Queens of England' might be regarded as a national work, honourable to the female character, and generally useful to society, has encouraged us to the completion of the task."

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

FROM THE TIMES.

"These volumes have the fascination of romance united to the integrity of history. The work is written by a lady of considerable learning, indefatigable industry, and careful judgment. All these qualifications for a biographer and an historian she has brought to bear upon the subject of her volumes, and from them has resulted a narrative interesting to all, and more particularly interesting to that portion of the community to whom the more refined researches of literature afford pleasure and instruction. The whole work should be read, and no doubt will be read, by all who are anxious for information. It is a lucid arrangement of facts, derived from authentic sources, exhibiting a combination of industry, learning, judgment, and impartiality, not often met with in biographers of crowned heads."

MORNING HERALD.

"A remarkable and truly great historical work. In this series of biographies, in which the severe truth of history takes almost the wildness of romance, it is the singular merit of Miss Strickland that her research has enabled her to throw new light on many doubtful passages, to bring forth fresh facts, and to render every portion of our annals which she has described an interesting and valuable study. She has given a most valuable contribution to the history of England, and we have no hesitation in affirming that no one can be said to possess an accurate knowledge of the history of the country who has not studied this truly national work, which, in this new edition, has received all the aids that further research on the part of the author, and of embellishment on the part of the publishers, could tend to make it still more valuable, and still more attractive, than it had been in its original form."

MORNING POST.

"We must pronounce Miss Strickland beyond all comparison the most entertaining historian in the English language. She is certainly a woman of powerful and active mind, as well as of scrupulous justice and honesty of purpose."

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

"Miss Strickland has made a very judicious use of many authentic MS. authorities not previously collected, and the result is a most interesting addition to our biographical library."

ATHENÆUM.

"A valuable contribution to historical knowledge. It contains a mass of every kind of historical matter of interest, which industry and research could collect. We have derived much entertainment and instruction from the work."

CHEAP EDITION OF PEPYS' DIARY.

Now ready, a New and Cheap Edition, printed uniformly with the last edition of EVELYN'S DIARY, and comprising all the recent Notes and Emendations, Indexes, &c., in Four Volumes, post octavo, with Portraits, price 6s. per Volume, handsomely bound, of the

**DIARY AND CORRESPONDENCE OF
SAMUEL PEPYS, F.R.S.,**

SECRETARY TO THE ADMIRALTY IN THE REIGNS OF CHARLES II.

AND JAMES II.

EDITED BY RICHARD LORD BRAYBROOKE.

The authority of PEPYS, as an historian and illustrator of a considerable portion of the seventeenth century, has been so fully acknowledged by every scholar and critic, that it is now scarcely necessary to remind the reader of the advantages he possessed for producing the most complete and trustworthy record of events, and the most agreeable picture of society and manners, to be found in the literature of any nation. In confidential communication with the reigning sovereigns, holding high official employment, placed at the head of the Scientific and Learned of a period remarkable for intellectual impulse, mingling in every circle, and observing everything and everybody whose characteristics were worth noting down; and possessing, moreover, an intelligence peculiarly fitted for seizing the most graphic points in whatever he attempted to delineate, PEPYS may be considered the most valuable as well as the most entertaining of our National Historians.

A New and Cheap Edition of this work, comprising all the restored passages and the additional annotations that have been called for by the vast advances in antiquarian and historical knowledge during the last twenty years, will doubtless be regarded as one of the most agreeable additions that could be made to the library of the general reader.

CRITICAL OPINIONS ON PEPYS' DIARY.

"Without making any exception in favour of any other production of ancient or modern diarists, we unhesitatingly characterise this journal as the most remarkable production of its kind which has ever been given to the world. Pepys' Diary makes us comprehend the great historical events of the age, and the people who bore a part in them, and gives us more clear glimpses into the true English life of the times than all the other memorials of them that have come down to our own."
—*Edinburgh Review*.

"There is much in Pepys' Diary that throws a distinct and vivid light over the picture of England and its government during the period succeeding the Restoration. If, quitting the broad path of history, we look for minute information concerning ancient manners and customs, the progress of arts and sciences, and the various branches of antiquity, we have never seen a mine so rich as these volumes. The variety of Pepys' tastes and pursuits led him into almost every department of life. He was a man of business, a man of information, a man of whim, and, to a certain degree, a man of pleasure. He was a statesman, a *bel-esprit*, a virtuoso, and a connoisseur. His curiosity made him an unwearied, as well as an universal, learner, and whatever he saw found its way into his tablets."—*Quarterly Review*.

"The best book of its kind in the English language. The new matter is extremely curious, and occasionally far more characteristic and entertaining than the old. The writer is seen in a clearer light, and the reader is taken into his inmost soul. Pepys' Diary is the ablest picture of the age in which the writer lived, and a work of standard importance in English literature."—*Athenaeum*.

"We place a high value on Pepys' Diary as the richest and most delightful contribution ever made to the history of English life and manners in the latter half of the seventeenth century."—*Examiner*.

"We owe Pepys a debt of gratitude for the rare and curious information he has bequeathed to us in this most amusing and interesting work. His Diary is valuable, as depicting to us many of the most important characters of the times. Its author has bequeathed to us the records of his heart—the very reflection of his energetic mind; and his quaint but happy narrative clears up numerous disputed points—throws light into many of the dark corners of history, and lays bare the hidden substratum of events which gave birth to, and supported the visible progress of, the nation."—*Tail's Magazine*.

"Of all the records that have ever been published, Pepys' Diary gives us the most vivid and trustworthy picture of the times, and the clearest view of the state of English public affairs and of English society during the reign of Charles II. We see there, as in a map, the vices of the monarch, the intrigues of the Cabinet, the wanton follies of the court, and the many calamities to which the nation was subjected during the memorable period of fire, plague, and general licentiousness."
—*Morning Post*.

Now in course of Publication,

HISTORY OF THE LANDED GENTRY,

A Genealogical Dictionary

OF THE WHOLE OF THE UNTITLED ARISTOCRACY
OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

Comprising Particulars of 100,000 Individuals connected with them.

By SIR BERNARD BURKE.

Ulster King of Arms.

A new and thoroughly-revised Edition, to be completed in a single volume, uniform with the Peerage and Baronetage (divided into four parts, the first of which is now ready, price 10s. 6d.).

N.B.—Communications and Corrections intended for this Work are requested to be addressed as soon as possible to Sir B. Burke, care of the publishers, 13, Great Marlborough Street, London.

THE Landed Gentry of England are so closely connected with the stirring records of its eventful history, that some acquaintance with them is a matter of necessity with the legislator, the lawyer, the historical student, the speculator in politics, and the curious in topographical and antiquarian lore; and even the very spirit of ordinary curiosity will prompt to a desire to trace the origin and progress of those families whose influence pervades the towns and villages of our land. This work furnishes such a mass of authentic information, in regard to all the principal families in the kingdom, as has never before been attempted to be brought together. It relates to the untitled families of rank, as the "Peerage and Baronetage" does to the titled, and forms, in fact, a peerage of the untitled aristocracy. It embraces the whole of the landed interest, and is indispensable to the library of every gentleman.

"A work of this kind is of a national value. Its utility is not merely temporary, but it will exist and be acknowledged as long as the families whose names and genealogies are recorded in it continue to form an integral portion of the English constitution. As a correct record of descent, no family should be without it. The untitled aristocracy have in this great work as perfect a dictionary of their genealogical history, family connexions, and heraldic rights, as the peerage and baronetage. It will be an enduring and trustworthy record."—*Morning Post*.

"A work in which every gentleman will find a domestic interest, as it contains the fullest account of every known family in the United Kingdom. It is a dictionary of all names, families, and their origin,—of every man's neighbour and friend, if not of his own relatives and immediate connexions. It cannot fail to be of the greatest utility to professional men in their researches respecting the members of different families, heirs to property, &c. Indeed, it will become as necessary as a Directory in every office."—*Bell's Messenger*.

INTERESTING WORKS.

THE PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

BY SIR BERNARD BURKE,

ULSTER KING OF ARMS.

NEW EDITION, REVISED AND CORRECTED FROM THE
PERSONAL COMMUNICATIONS OF THE NOBILITY, &c.

With 1500 Engravings of ARMS. In 1 vol. (comprising as much matter
as twenty ordinary volumes), 38s. bound.

The following is a List of the Principal Contents of this Standard Work:—

I. A full and interesting history of each order of the English Nobility, showing its origin, rise, titles, immunities, privileges, &c.

II. A complete Memoir of the Queen and Royal Family, forming a brief genealogical History of the Sovereign of this country, and deducing the descent of the Plantagenets, Tudors, Stuarts, and Guelphs, through their various ramifications. To this section is appended a list of those Peers and others who inherit the distinguished honour of Quartering the Royal Arms of Plantagenet.

III. An Authentic table of Precedence.

IV. A perfect HISTORY OF ALL THE PEERS AND BARONETS, with the fullest details of their ancestors and descendants, and particulars respecting every collateral member of each family, and all intermarriages, &c.

V. The Spiritual Lords.

VI. Foreign Noblemen, subjects by birth of the British Crown.

VII. Extinct Peerages, of which descendants still exist.

VIII. Peerages claimed.

IX. Surnames of Peers and Peeresses, with Heirs Apparent and Presumptive.

X. Courtesy titles of Eldest Sons.

XI. Peerages of the Three Kingdoms in order of Precedence.

XII. Baronets in order of Precedence.

XIII. Privy Councillors of England and Ireland.

XIV. Daughters of Peers married to Commoners.

XV. ALL THE ORDERS OF KNIGHTHOOD, with every Knight and all the Knights Bachelors.

XVI. Mottoes translated, with poetical illustrations.

"The most complete, the most convenient, and the cheapest work of the kind ever given to the public."—*Sun*.

"The best genealogical and heraldic dictionary of the Peerage and Baronetage, and the first authority on all questions affecting the aristocracy."—*Globe*.

"For the amazing quantity of personal and family history, admirable arrangement of details, and accuracy of information, this genealogical and heraldic dictionary is without a rival. It is now the standard and acknowledged book of reference upon all questions touching pedigree, and direct or collateral affinity with the titled aristocracy. The lineage of each distinguished house is deduced through all the various ramifications. Every collateral branch, however remotely connected, is introduced; and the alliances are so carefully inserted, as to show, in all instances, the connexion which so intimately exists between the titled and untitled aristocracy. We have also much most entertaining historical matter, and many very curious and interesting family traditions. The work is, in fact, a complete cyclopædia of the whole titled classes of the empire, supplying all the information that can possibly be desired on the subject."—*Morning Post*.

CHEAP EDITION OF THE DIARY AND CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN EVELYN, F.R.S.

COMPRISING ALL THE IMPORTANT ADDITIONAL NOTES, LETTERS, AND OTHER
ILLUSTRATIONS LAST MADE.

*Now completed, with Portraits, in Four Volumes, post octavo (either of
which may be had separately), price 6s. each, handsomely bound,*

"We rejoice to welcome this beautiful and compact edition of Evelyn. It is intended as a companion to the recent edition of Pepys, and presents similar claims to interest and notice. Evelyn was greatly above the vast majority of his contemporaries, and the Diary which records the incidents in his long life, extending over the greater part of a century, is deservedly esteemed one of the most valuable and interesting books in the language. Evelyn took part in the breaking out of the civil war against Charles I., and he lived to see William of Orange ascend the throne. Through the days of Strafford and Laud, to those of Sancroft and Ken, he was the steady friend of moderation and peace in the English Church. He interceded alike for the royalist and the regicide; he was the correspondent of Cowley, the patron of Jeremy Taylor, the associate and fellow-student of Boyle; and over all the interval between Vandyck and Kneller, between the youth of Milton and the old age of Dryden, poetry and the arts found him an intelligent adviser, and a cordial friend. There are, on the whole, very few men of whom England has more reason to be proud. We heartily commend so good an edition of this English classic."—*Examiner*.

"This work is a necessary companion to the popular histories of our country, to Hume, Hallam, Macaulay, and Lingard.—*Sun*."

LIVES OF THE PRINCESSES OF ENGLAND.

By MRS. EVERETT GREEN,

In 6 vols., post 8vo, with Illustrations, 10s. 6d. each, bound.

Either of which may be had separately.

"This work is a worthy companion to Miss Strickland's admirable 'Queens of England.' That celebrated work, although its heroines were, for the most part, foreign Princesses, related almost entirely to the history of this country. The Princesses of England, on the contrary, are themselves English, but their lives are nearly all connected with foreign nations. Their biographies, consequently, afford us a glimpse of the manners and customs of the chief European kingdoms, a circumstance which not only gives to the work the charm of variety, but which is likely to render it peculiarly useful to the general reader, as it links together by association the contemporaneous history of various nations. We cordially commend Mrs. Green's production to general attention; it is (necessarily) as useful as history, and fully as entertaining as romance."—*Sun*.

**SIR B. BURKE'S DICTIONARY OF THE
EXTINCT, DORMANT, AND ABEYANT PEERAGES
OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND AND IRELAND.**

Beautifully printed, in 1 vol. 8vo, containing 800 double-column pages,
21s. bound.

This work connects, in many instances, the new with the old nobility, and it will in all cases show the cause which has influenced the revival of an extinct dignity in a new creation. It should be particularly noticed, that this new work appertains nearly as much to extant as to extinct persons of distinction; for though dignities pass away, it rarely occurs that whole families do.

**THE ROMANCE OF THE ARISTOCRACY ;
OR,
ANECDOTICAL RECORDS OF DISTINGUISHED FAMILIES.
By SIR BERNARD BURKE.**

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION, 3 vols., post 8vo.

"The most curious incidents, the most stirring tales, and the most remarkable circumstances connected with the histories, public and private, of our noble houses and aristocratic families, are here given in a shape which will preserve them in the library, and render them the favourite study of those who are interested in the romance of real life. These stories, with all the reality of established fact, read with as much spirit as the tales of Boccaccio, and are as full of strange matter for reflection and amazement."—*Britannia*.

**SKETCHES OF THE IRISH BAR ;
INCLUDING
A JOURNAL OF CONVERSATIONS WITH CHIEF-JUSTICE
BUSHE, NOW FIRST PUBLISHED ;
WITH OTHER LITERARY AND POLITICAL ESSAYS.
By WILLIAM HENRY CURRAN, Esq.**

2 vols. post 8vo, 21s. bound.

"Mr. Curran's sketches have many claims on our attention. The conversations with Chief-Justice Bushe—a charming collection of curious anecdotes—are full of interest, and are now printed for the first time. Mr. Curran's own recollections of celebrated persons are just as striking as those of Chief-Justice Bushe."—*Athenæum*.

"These papers will be welcomed anew for their animated style, their graphic and sometimes romantic narratives, for the pictures they give of many famous men now passed away, and for the conscientious accuracy and perfect good taste which has governed the writing of them."—*Examiner*.

REVELATIONS OF PRINCE TALLEYRAND.

Second Edition, 1 volume, post 8vo, with Portrait, 10s. 6d. bound.

"We have perused this work with extreme interest. It is a portrait of Talleyrand drawn by his own hand."—*Morning Post*.

"A more interesting work has not issued from the press for many years. It is in truth a most complete Boswell sketch of the greatest diplomatist of the age."—*Sunday Times*.

THE LIFE AND REIGN OF CHARLES I.

By I. DISRAELI.

A NEW EDITION. REVISED BY THE AUTHOR, AND EDITED BY HIS SON, THE RT. HON. B. DISRAELI, M.P. 2 vols., 8vo, 28s. bound.

"By far the most important work on the important age of Charles I. that modern times have produced."—*Quarterly Review*.

MEMOIRS OF SCIPIO DE RICCI,

LATE BISHOP OF PISTOIA AND PRATO;

REFORMER OF CATHOLICISM IN TUSCANY.

Cheaper Edition, 2 vols. 8vo, 12s. bound.

The leading feature of this important work is its application to the great question now at issue between our Protestant and Catholic fellow-subjects. It contains a complete *exposé* of the Romish Church Establishment during the eighteenth century, and of the abuses of the Jesuits throughout the greater part of Europe. Many particulars of the most thrilling kind are brought to light.

HISTORIC SCENES.

By AGNES STRICKLAND.

Author of "Lives of the Queens of England," &c. 1 vol., post 8vo, elegantly bound, with Portrait of the Author, 10s. 6d.

"This attractive volume is replete with interest. Like Miss Strickland's former works, it will be found, we doubt not, in the hands of youthful branches of a family as well as in those of their parents, to all and each of whom it cannot fail to be alike amusing and instructive."—*Britannia*.

MEMOIRS OF PRINCE ALBERT;
AND THE HOUSE OF SAXONY.

Second Edition, revised, with Additions, by Authority.

1 vol., post 8vo, with Portrait, bound, 6s.

MADAME CAMPAN'S MEMOIRS
OF THE COURT OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

Cheaper Edition, 2 vols. 8vo, with Portraits, price 7s.

"We have seldom perused so entertaining a work. It is as a mirror of the most splendid Court in Europe, at a time when the monarchy had not been shorn of any of its beams, that it is particularly worthy of attention."—*Chronicle*.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

3 vols., small 8vo, 15s.

"A curious and entertaining piece of domestic biography of a most extraordinary person, under circumstances almost unprecedented."—*New Monthly*.

"An extremely amusing book, full of anecdotes and traits of character of kings, princes, nobles, generals," &c.—*Morning Journal*.

MEMOIRS OF A HUNGARIAN LADY.
MADAME PULSZKY.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF. 2 vols., 12s. bound.

"Worthy of a place by the side of the Memoirs of Madame de Staël and Madame Campan."—*Globe*.

MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF
SIR ROBERT MURRAY KEITH, K.B.,

*Minister Plenipotentiary at the Courts of Dresden, Copenhagen, and Vienna,
from 1769 to 1793; with Biographical Memoirs of*

QUEEN CAROLINE MATILDA, SISTER OF GEORGE III.

Cheaper Edition. Two vols., post 8vo, with Portraits, 15s. bound.

Now ready, PART XI., price 5s., of

M. A. THIERS' HISTORY OF FRANCE UNDER NAPOLEON.

A SEQUEL TO HIS HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

As guardian to the archives of the state, M. Thiers had access to diplomatic papers and other documents of the highest importance, hitherto known only to a privileged few. From private sources M. Thiers has also derived much valuable information. Many interesting memoirs, diaries, and letters, all hitherto unpublished, and most of them destined for political reasons to remain so, have been placed at his disposal; while all the leading characters of the empire, who were alive when the author undertook the present history, have supplied him with a mass of incidents and anecdotes which have never before appeared in print.

N.B. Any of the Parts may, for the present, be had separately, at 5s. each.

THE QUEENS BEFORE THE CONQUEST.

BY MRS. MATTHEW HALL.

2 vols. post 8vo, embellished with Portraits, price 21s. bound.

"Mrs. Hall's work presents a clear and connected series of records of the early female sovereigns of England, of whom only a few scattered anecdotes have hitherto been familiarly known to general readers. The book is of great interest, as containing many notices of English life and manners in the remote times of our British, Roman, Saxon, and Danish ancestors."—*Literary Gazette*.

"These volumes open up a new and interesting page of history to the majority of readers. What Miss Strickland has achieved for English Queens since the Norman era, has been accomplished by Mrs. Hall on behalf of the royal ladies who, as wives of Saxon kings, have influenced the destinies of Britain."—*Sunday Times*.

"Mrs. Hall may be congratulated on having successfully accomplished a very arduous undertaking. Her volumes form a useful introduction to the usual commencement of English history."—*Sun*.

"These interesting volumes have been compiled with judgment, discretion, and taste. Mrs. Hall has spared neither pains nor labour to make her history worthy of the characters she has essayed to illustrate. The book is, in every sense, an addition of decided value to the annals of the British people."—*Bell's Messenger*.

"Of all our female historico-biographical writers, Mrs. Hall seems to us to be one of the most painstaking, erudite, and variously and profoundly accomplished. Her valuable volumes contain not only the lives of the Queens before the Conquest, but a very excellent history of England previously to the Norman dynasty."—*Observer*.

THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS;
OR, ROMANCE AND REALITIES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

By ELIOT WARBURTON.

TWELFTH EDITION, in 1 vol., with 15 Illustrations, 6s. bound.

"A book calculated to prove more practically useful was never penned than the 'Crescent and the Cross'—a work which surpasses all others in its homage for the sublime and its love for the beautiful in those famous regions consecrated to everlasting immortality in the annals of the prophets—and which no other modern writer has ever depicted with a pencil at once so reverent and so picturesque."—*Sun*.

LORD LINDSAY'S LETTERS ON THE HOLY LAND.

FOURTH EDITION, Revised, 1 vol., post 8vo, with Illustrations, 6s. bound.

"Lord Lindsay has felt and recorded what he saw with the wisdom of a philosopher, and the faith of an enlightened Christian."—*Quarterly Review*.

NARRATIVE OF A
TWO YEARS' RESIDENCE AT NINEVEH;

With Remarks on the Chaldeans, Nestorians, Yezidees, &c.

By the Rev. J. P. FLETCHER.

Cheaper Edition. Two vols., post 8vo, 12s. bound.

ADVENTURES IN GEORGIA, CIRCASSIA, AND RUSSIA.

By Lieutenant-Colonel G. POULETT CAMERON, C.B., K.T.S., &c.

2 vols., post 8vo, bound, 12s.

CAPTAINS KING AND FITZROY.
NARRATIVE OF THE TEN YEARS' VOYAGE ROUND
THE WORLD,
OF H.M.S. ADVENTURE AND BEAGLE.

Cheaper Edition, in 2 large vols. 8vo, with Maps, Charts, and upwards of Sixty Illustrations, by Landseer, and other eminent Artists, price 1*l.* 11s. 6d. bound.

"One of the most interesting narratives of voyaging that it has fallen to our lot to notice, and which must always occupy a distinguished space in the history of scientific navigation."—*Quarterly Review*.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE,

Comprising the Narrative of a Three Years' Residence in Japan, with an Account of British Commercial Intercourse with that Country.

By CAPTAIN GOLOWNIN.

NEW and CHEAPER EDITION. 2 vols. post 8vo, 10s. bound.

"No European has been able, from personal observation and experience, to communicate a tenth part of the intelligence furnished by this writer."—*British Review*.

STORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

A COMPANION VOLUME TO MR. GLEIG'S

"STORY OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO."

With Six Portraits and Map, 5s. bound.

THE NEMESIS IN CHINA;

COMPRISING A COMPLETE

HISTORY OF THE WAR IN THAT COUNTRY.

From Notes of Captain W. H. HALL, R.N.

1 vol., Plates, 6s. bound.

"Capt. Hall's narrative of the services of the *Nemesis* is full of interest, and will, we are sure, be valuable hereafter, as affording most curious materials for the history of steam navigation."—*Quarterly Review*.

CAPTAIN CRAWFORD'S NAVAL REMINISCENCES;

COMPRISING MEMOIRS OF

ADMIRALS SIR E. OWEN, SIR B. HALLOWELL CAREW,
AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED COMMANDERS.

2 vols., post 8vo, with Portraits, 12s. bound.

ADVENTURES OF A SOLDIER.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

Being the Memoirs of EDWARD COSTELLO, of the Rifle Brigade, and late Captain in the British Legion. Cheap Edition, with Portrait, 3s. 6d. bound.

"An excellent book of its class. A true and vivid picture of a soldier's life."—*Athenæum*.

"This highly interesting volume is filled with details and anecdotes of the most startling character, and well deserves a place in the library of every regiment in the service."—*Naval and Military Gazette*.

SALATHIEL, THE IMMORTAL.

By the Rev. GEORGE CROLY, LL.D.

New Revised and Cheaper Edition, in 1 vol. post 8vo, 10s. 6d.

"A magnificent fiction. One of the most splendid productions among works of fiction that the age has brought forth."—*Athenæum*.

"This extraordinary story, the production of a man of great genius, cannot be classed with any of the works of imagination which have been put forth in these times, so fertile in romance. It is perfectly original in the general conception, as well as in its splendid and powerful eloquence."—*Literary Gazette*.

"This is a work of very peculiar character. It is, in fact, the autobiography of the Wandering Jew, and contains a history of the troubles, insurrections, persecutions, &c., which supervened in Judea, immediately after the death of Christ. Dr. Croly has well succeeded in depicting the Jewish character and warfare; and has entered with considerable felicity into what it is probable would be the feelings of such a being as the impious and miserable wanderer whose history he writes."—*Weekly Review*.

Cheaper Edition, in 3 vols., price 10s. 6d., half-bound,

FORTUNE: A STORY OF LONDON LIFE.

By D. T. COULTON, Esq.

"A brilliant novel. A more vivid picture of various phases of society has not been painted since 'Vivian Grey' first dazzled and confounded the world; but it is the biting satire of fashionable life, the moral anatomy of high society, which will attract all readers. In every sense of the word, 'Fortune' is an excellent novel."—*Observer*.

THE MODERN ORLANDO.

By Dr. CROLY.

1 vol. post 8vo, 5s.

"By far the best thing of the kind that has been written since Byron."—*Literary Gazette*.

THE HALL AND THE HAMLET.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

Author of "The Book of the Seasons," "Rural Life in England," &c.
Cheaper Edition, 2 vols., post 8vo, 12s. bound.

HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,

SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

